

The Magazine for the Christian Home

Hearthstone

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Sex Education in the Home—Roy L. Dickerson
Irish Shenanigans—Loie Brandom

MARCH, 1955—25c

The *Magazine for the Christian Home* Hearthstone

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BETTER "REMEMBER WHEN"

A girl friend of mine, who teaches sixth grade in one of the public schools in our home town, woefully wrote a recent letter to me, "Sue, I just don't know what to do with my pupils. During class periods they blow bubbles, gum, bounce yoyos, throw spit balls, put tacks on other kids' desk chairs, talk when I'm trying to give an assignment, shout out the window to people on the playground, and all in all behave very rudely. When we were in grade school, we didn't act that way. What's the matter with kids today?"

In reply to this mournful missive I wrote, "My dear, grade school kids today act no differently from the way we acted when we were in grade school. Remember when ---- spread limburger cheese on one of the teacher's chairs? Remember when ---- scaled the side of the school building and climbed through a window into a classroom? Remember when ---- climbed onto the top of a bookcase when the teacher left the room and leaped in front of her when she came in again?" The list of grade school pranks indulged in by my contemporaries could go on ad infinitum.

I'd be willing to bet my last pair of diamond-studded corduroy spats that you, too, could think of many "remember whens." There's really nothing the matter with youngsters today, except that they're normal. Guess we're just gettin' old when we talk about "this terrible younger generation." Hmmmm?

What's Here? . . . Be glorah, it's a great day for the Irish, sure enough when you get the neighbors together for some Irish Shenanigans. Recall Loie Brandom's feature, "Irish Shenanigans," if you want to give a party for St. Patrick's Day.

If you have the slightest propensity toward sentimentality, we guarantee that your lacrimal glands will be functioning after reading "The Deeper View," our fiction for this month.

Most kids love an Injun story, and that's just what we have for them in this issue of *Hearthstone*. It's called "A Might-Have-Been Story," written by Jean Wyatt.

What's Coming? . . . If you're having "allowance trouble" in your family, Esther Miller Payler's article, "Money, Money, Money," is the tonic you need.

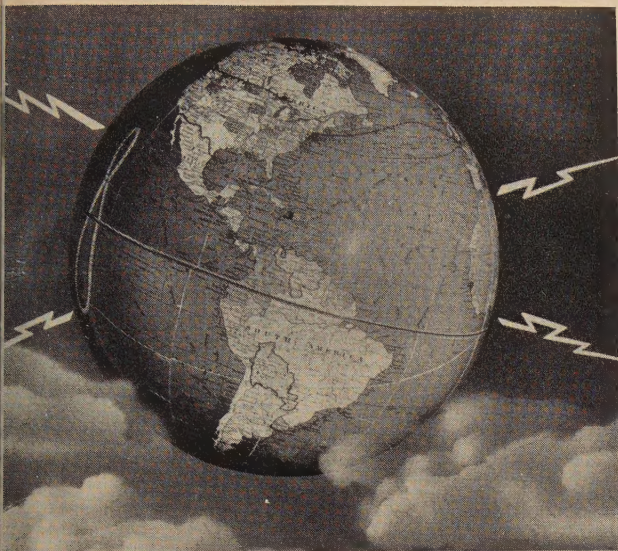
A woman suffering from an incurable illness tells how she has made death a kind friend instead of a foreboding stranger.

We have lots of articles and features for you next month.

Be seeing you,

S. H.





—H. Armstrong Roberts

THE WORLD

Church Airlift Cattle to Afghanistan

Columbus, Ohio—Twenty-four head of cattle and fifteen sheep were shipped to Afghanistan by plane from Columbus Airport in what is probably the longest livestock airlift ever undertaken. The animals were all donated to the project by church groups in the Middle West and are given to Afghanistan for a livestock improvement program.

Among the groups participating in this program through Heifer Project, Inc., are the American Baptist Home Mission Society and the United Christian Missionary Society (Disciples).

We "Share Our Surplus"

New York—The greatest food relief program in the history of American churches has been launched by the thirty-five communions cooperating in Church World Service, relief wing of the National Council of Churches.

Beginning last Thanksgiving a three-year "Share Our Surplus" \$7,500,000 appeal to distribute free to needy areas, 500 million pounds of surplus foods and commodities was launched. For every dollar given by church people, twenty dollars worth of goods will go to the hungry, sick, and destitute of other lands.

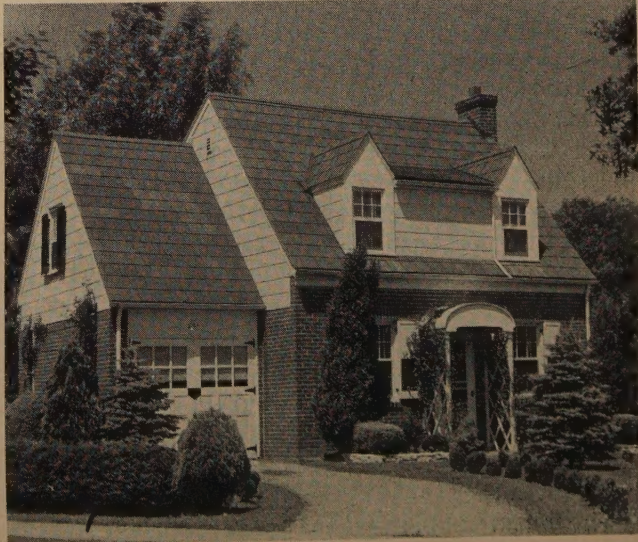
A Small Gate to So Much Freedom

New York—"The gate to America is small, but once you can get through it, there is so much freedom inside."

This comment by one of seventy church sponsored refugees from Europe reflects the feelings of all of them. This group is the beginning of the resettlement program that will eventually admit 209,000 homeless people into this country.

The big need is for sponsors who will provide assurances for these displaced persons which will guarantee jobs and shelter for them.

—H. Armstrong Roberts



Family Life Conference in Asia

Manila—Protestant leaders from ten Southeast Asian countries agreed at a Christian Family Life Conference here that churches should strengthen moral standards and spiritual ties with the family by expanding their youth programs and fortifying religious education in the home.

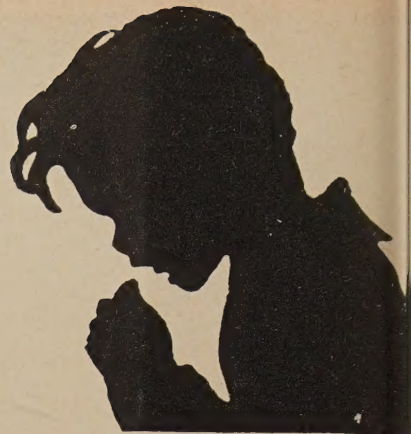
The conference was sponsored by the International Missionary Council and the Philippine Federation of Christian Churches. It was attended by Christian leaders from Korea, Japan, Okinawa, Formosa, Hong Kong, Thailand, Malaya, Burma, India, and the Philippines.

Among the speakers at the conference were Dr. Ortha Lane, secretary of the Philippine Home and Family Life Committee; Dr. David Mace, British authority on family counseling; Mrs. M. Munakata, Japanese family court counselor; Dr. B. Manikam, secretary for East Asia of World Council of Churches; and Drs. Sylvanus and Evelyn Duvall of the USA.

The conference revealed that leaders in Asia are concerned about the same problems as their counterparts in the West—lack of unity in family life, lowered moral standards, drinking, gambling, and neglect of children.

A permanent Family Life Committee has been formed with the Reverend G. P. Charles, of Burma, as head of its central committee.

AT YOUR FRONT DOOR



by

Helen Buchanan

—Gedde Harmon

WHAT IS PRAYER?

*"I have come to know that prayer is not
asking favors of God over and over again."*

ABOUT three years ago I was told that my son had an incurable disease and could not live more than a few years. He had just undergone an operation from which he recuperated very nicely. He seemed to be as healthy as any child of his age, and it did not seem possible that the doctor's prediction could come true. I asked God continuously that the boy's life be spared, and I believed it would.

In the meantime the boy was under the care of the most learned medical men in the country. With the advances being made every day in medical research, I was sure that God would give these doctors the skill to make my son better.

For a time he seemed well, but after a year his health began to fail. Still I would not let myself think that he would not get better. Finally one day he cried out in pain, and then I prayed humbly that he be spared any suffering, and I said, "Not my will but thine." After that it was but a short time until the spirit left his mortal body.

My little girl cried, "But I asked God every night to make him better, and he didn't."

I knew the challenge before me.

"Your brother is all better now," I said. "Our prayers have been answered. He could only get better in heaven, but that is a wonderful place. I am sure he is very happy." She was satisfied.

I had suddenly realized the great joy that he must have felt when he awakened completely well and strong again in that higher plane of life.

Since then I have felt a great load lifted from me. Words cannot say how I have missed the boy, but I have been determined not to indulge in self-pity. Instead, whenever I feel lonesome for him, I thank God that he is so well and safe and happy. I often feel that he is right here with me, and makes me glad.

I have come to know that prayer is not asking favors of God over and over again. Christ spent much time in prayer. I'm sure he did not spend all that time asking favors. Prayer is communion of the soul with God. It should be a time of quiet when we come to know God's will for us, and when our spirits are ministered to by loving angels. It should be the time when we are given fortitude.

Anyone who truly communicates with God will have peace of mind. He will not be overwhelmed by anything that happens to him or to the world in general, because he knows that eventually he will come to life on a higher plane where he will meet all his loved ones. Life will be a challenge. He will know that he will have the strength to do whatever God sets before him. He will have complete faith that God is with him always and that nothing can keep him from the love of God. He will come to know that spiritual things are more important than material things. He will realize more fully the blessings that God has bestowed upon him, and he will be a happier person because he will want to make those around him happy. The light of God will shine through him.

Love Laughs *First* *and Last*

by Glenn H. Asquith

*The family with a sense of
humor has a priceless heritage*

"HIS bulb is burned out," said my father in an aggrieved tone of voice. He had been in the basement laboriously stoking the hand-d coal furnace when unexpected darkness had suddenly descended upon him. What he did not know was that Mother had plugged one of too many cords in an outlet and had blown a fuse. We three children had been in the kitchen when the accident had occurred, and when we saw Father standing with the innocent bulb in his hand, and when we could imagine how he had saved his arm around in the darkness to discover the suspended light, and how he must have untwisted the hot bulb gingerly, and how he had groped his way up the steep stairs, the four of us began to laugh until the tears came. When we could explain the situation, Father saw the joke, too, and there was born one of those happy

memories which outlast many serious moments in family life.

All families need the leaven of laughter through the years; nothing is more effective in cementing home ties than fun and humor which is shared. There is an intimacy which develops from jokes that are exclusive of the outside world, and it is intimacy which makes the family so different from the world beyond the door of the home.

Without laughter a home may well conform to the title of one of Dickens' books—*Bleak House*. A playground near our present home provides basketball courts for practice, and late into the night, after all light has gone except the partial illumination from street lamps, the pathetic bouncing of the ball can be heard—some boy has nothing better to do and dreads to go home before bedtime.

It is a bleak house, indeed, which cannot hold the members of the family!

Suppose that Father and Mother have been born without a sense of humor, and suppose that the children do not have sunny dispositions, what then? It is doubtful that nature has dealt so harshly with anyone. As a matter of fact, animals can be observed exercising an undoubted playfulness accompanied by gay spirits. Isn't it much more likely that man can see the ludicrous in himself and in his surroundings? In the event, however, that the members of a family are stodgily serious, there are steps to improvement.

The first attitude which militates against laughter is a sense of self-importance. If a person holds to the opinion that everything he says and does is of great moment, and that the whole world is concerned about his appearance and his goings and comings, naturally he will not expect that nature or man will dare to play jokes upon him or take liberties with his majesty. Such a person needs to reflect upon what Emerson said (in substance), that Nature has not covenanted with anyone that he should never appear ridiculous or at a disadvantage. If a man's hat blows off and he is forced to chase it on its erratic flight, he will fare far better to laugh with the spectators instead of sputtering and trying to keep his dignity. Life is often like a high wind. It

—Harold M. Lambert.



Parents should
train their chil-
dren to look for
the humor in
life's situations

will do things to all of us at times, and our self-importance will not be respected. This is especially true of families.

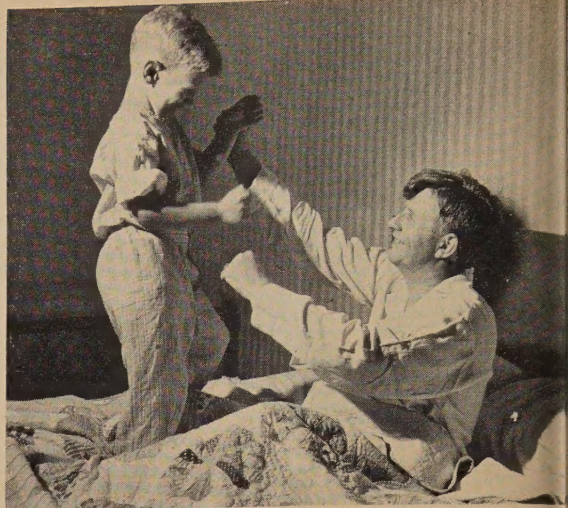
Another attitude which prevents wholehearted family laughter is the misplaced determination that "life is real, and life is earnest" and that frivolity is sinful, or at least inconsequential. Nothing could be further from the truth. Many of the high moments of life will be the times of what the world calls utter nonsense. Once a family catches the vision that the important part of the day's living is not the part used to earn the living but the living itself, then that family is ready to explore the gaiety which is a true part of love.

Once a family is at least open-minded about trying laughter, the pattern of fun in a family will run a normal course. There are ways of encouraging an atmosphere of lightheartedness. For instance, the start is important.

If the father and mother will laugh day by day with the children when they are babies, and if the parents will point out the funny things to be seen and heard, the children will grow up with a susceptibility to laughter. If the parents will give an example, as their boys and girls grow older, of mutual willingness to be the object of laughter, there may be prevented that unfortunate trait of not being able to "take a joke." Nothing can ruin the happiness of the family circle like the presence of one who must be spared, always, when the laughter is going around.

When I was the young pastor in a new parish, we invited an important deacon and his wife to the parsonage for the evening. They had no car, and I offered to go for them. It was a blustery, rainy night, but because I wanted to make a big impression, I insisted on wearing the better of my two hats. Just as I went out the door, a gust of wind came and took my hat. In the darkness I could not find it, and I was forced to substitute my old hat. In the morning my other headpiece was found lodged in some bushes. The point is that the other member of the family saw the fun of the situation, but I had what we may call a

Poor Pop can't sleep late this Saturday morning, with a young, enthusiastic son "rarin' to go." Still, he cheerfully accepts this interruption to his slumber



—Harold M. Lambert

delayed reaction—it was not funny to me at the time. It takes great determination to be willing to accept laughter at the time. As a matter of fact, there are occasions when the laughter should be delayed until the victim has had time to size up the proportions of what has happened. Here we may consider that parents need great wisdom in recognizing what is serious to children (and what was serious to them at the same age) but what may appear funny from the perspective of years.

Built on this foundation of early and constant conditioning to laughter, a family may plan for amusements which actually amuse and which bring out the humor hidden in everyone. Chess, bird watching, and botanical hikes may be intellectual stimuli, but they are not the best laugh producers. On the other hand, family picnics just for fun; games such as Old Maid, Muggins, and others where cleverness does not help; evenings out together to events that are on the comedy side; silly greeting cards on birthdays and other special days will help maintain a sunny atmosphere.

Another important help toward a laughter-filled family life is the mingling with other people. No matter how devoted and self-sufficient a family may be, its resources will be worn smooth without new material from friends and associates. Some of the best humor in the world comes from New Eng-

land, but that humor only strikes fire when it comes in contact with the "summer visitors." Remarks which have become trite and monotonous from much use strike as stranger as devastatingly funny when first heard. Appreciation and gay rejoinders bring out the best in the conversationalists. So it is with families. Stress on social living is necessary if a family is to prevent an ingrown characteristic. How often have parents been amazed to hear that their child is the "life of the party" when away from home—he has seemed quite ordinary in that department when at home! The answer is that he has found a new audience, and he will bring back some of the laughter for his own group.

A warning against dependence upon artificial fun is advisable. In our unusual manner of living today with its speed and sophistication, we often overlook our own inner resources and think that "money will buy anything." A "comic" book is given to the child so that he may laugh; the television is tuned to the "funny man" in order that the family may laugh; the pocket-sized magazines carry short jokes on nearly every page, and our larger publications specialize in cartoons. Constant use of such props can well undermine the real laughter which grows out of the ordinary day-by-day home events.

Let us suppose, then, that a fam-

is sincerely sold on the need for laughter in the home and is dedicated to fostering good nature and fun. What will be the benefits? Medical men have taught for several generations that hearty laughter is health-producing. The mental outlook which comes from humor and the actual physical exertion of laughing will chase away many small ills. The family as an organism, too, and regular laughter is good medicine for that organism.

Another advantage is that each wheel of laughter will add to a strong cord to bind brother and sister, father and mother together, for each one will have had his

share in making up the happy memories of festive days and high moments which are indelibly written in the family annals.

A high moral tone can be set by laughing at the right things. Nothing marks a man or woman so well as the things which cause him to laugh or cry. A person who can see nothing humorous in the antics of a little child, but who will laugh uproariously at "smutty" jokes is one who has missed out on the good, clean fun shared in a family. His laughter is unreal, and his enjoyment is perverted. How good it is to hear a young person say emphatically to his companions who are laugh-

ing at the discomfiture or misery or wrongdoing of another, "I don't think that is funny!" How we need this sturdy expression in a day when the stupid bumbblings of the drunken are thought to be the height of comedy!

Love laughs first—it laughs just because there is love and understanding and the world is fresh and good; it laughs at itself as well as at others; love laughs last—even when there is suffering and hard times, because love is constant, and there are memories of laughter-filled days with the precious circle within a home making up a warmth of joy which can be found nowhere else.

The House in a Redwood Tree

by Louise Price Bell

SOME of you throughout the country may have seen this interesting house-in-a-tree, since the owner and his family once made a cross-continent tour to show children, in particular, the wonders of redwood trees. At one time the tree stood in the Elk River section of California, where hundreds of redwood trees grow. There, Mr. Keith Straughan, seeing the tree, thought that it was too bad that the people in other parts of the country didn't know more about the mighty redwood trees. He had the tree felled and taken to his home in Chico.

He and his son-in-law drilled out the center of the tree. Inside was enough space to build a modern five-room house. They then smoothed it, put in partitions, and added the finishing touches—a built-in bed, table, divan, refrigerator, electric lights, and end tables. It took the men over two months to get the inside ready, and even longer to build the furniture.

The "house" is probably the oldest one in existence, since the tree must have been very old to reach so great a height; the house

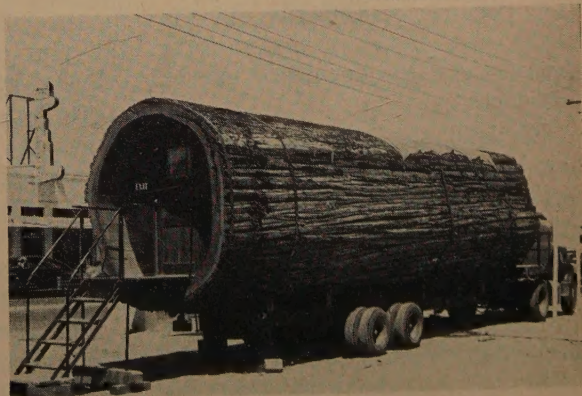
was made from a part cut sixty-five feet from the ground. It is over nine feet in diameter at the front end and nearly nine feet at the back end.

Mr. Straughan had one reason for doing this: he wanted the school children of the United States to know more about the beautiful redwoods, Mother Nature's supreme exhibit. There is no charge for going through the house.

There are many pictures in the house showing the redwoods grow-

ing, the house in various stages during its building, and many unusual things made from wood. On tour everything was explained to the children (and adults). In many places the owner lectured on redwoods and showed color-sound motion pictures narrated by the popular Art Linkletter. Years of experience in the lumber areas of the West, the oil fields of Arabia, and in Alaska on the Alcan highway have given him an interesting and rich background of experience.

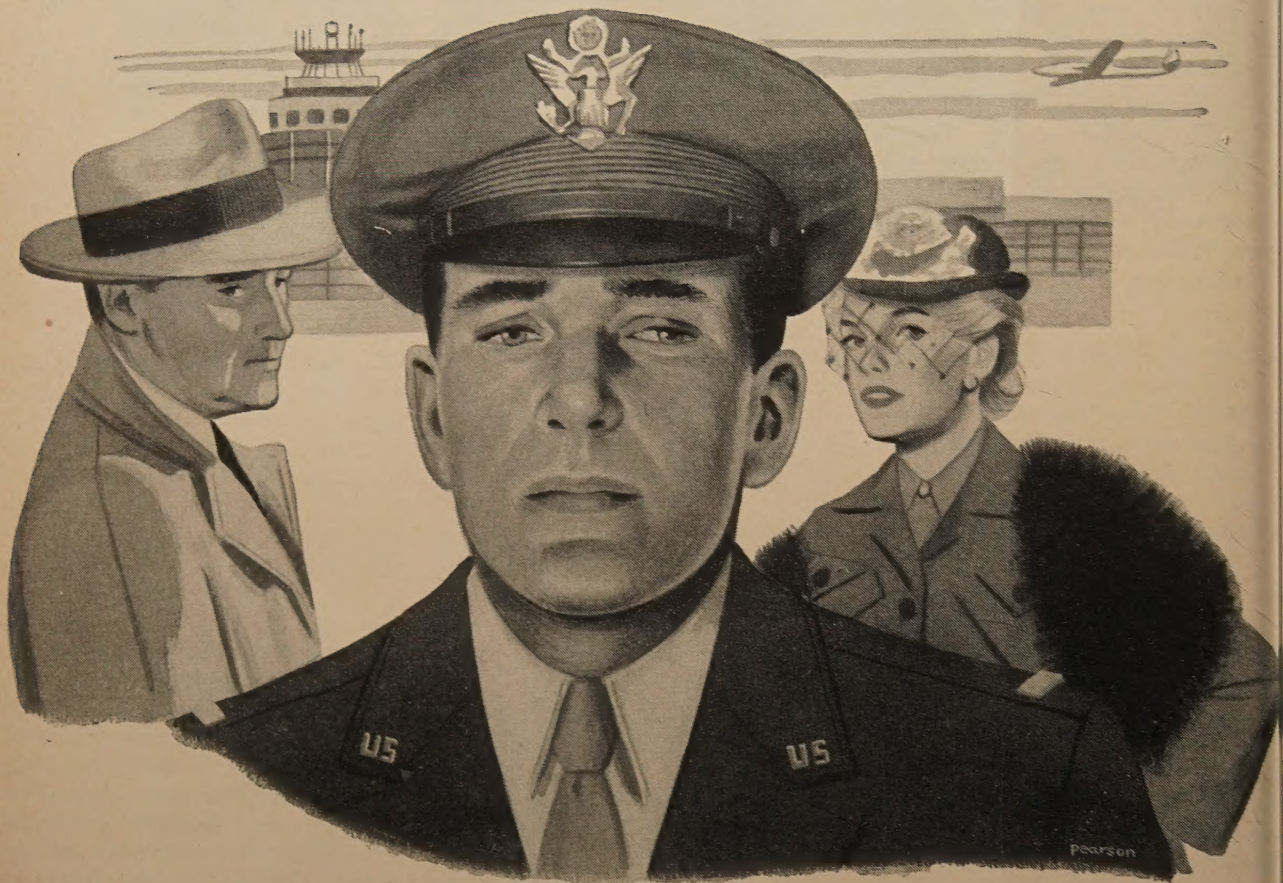
—Reginald Russell



THE DEEPER VIEW

a story by **KATHERINE REEVES**

illustration by Chris Pearson



Rob felt the old pain again, the old enveloping loneliness. Suddenly, he wanted them to leave and take their gift

ROB STOOD slightly apart from his parents by Gate No. 2, waiting for the flight to be called. His duffel bag sat on the concrete floor near his feet where he could keep an eye on it and at the same time glance occasionally at the sharp new crease in his uniform trousers and the burnished toes of his shoes.

He held the binoculars in his hands, turning them over, examining their fine, glossy barrels, the precision lenses.

"Hope they'll let me keep 'em." He laughed a little with pleasure in this gift, hating the shyness that kept him from speaking the delight he felt, knowing that his

mother and father were expecting some expression.

His mother adjusted the furs around her shoulders, took the small gold compact from her lizard bag and slipped the lipstick from its case. Rob watched her perform the rite of renewing the lovely color of her mouth.

His father watched her, too, for a moment, then turned to look though the glass wall of the waiting room at the clock. Rob sensed impatience in his quick, abrupt movements. He spoke impulsively to this impatience.

"If I can't keep 'em I'll send 'em home to you, Dad. You can use 'em for me until—until—"

"Until you come home again." His mother's cool, quiet tone took up his faltering words and finished them. She smiled at him. "I can't see any reason why you should not be allowed to keep them. Do you, Robert?"

"They sure are neat. . . ." Rob rubbed his thumb over the polished leather of the case, tested the strap. He had wanted them so long, almost all his life, really. Now when he had the beautiful things at last he probably couldn't use them very long, anyway. A dog-faced soldier had little chance to sit on a quiet hillside and train his glasses on the birds in the distant trees.

"Did they cost a terrible lot

ad?" The moment he asked the question he wished he had not done so. The faintest shadow of annoyance darkened his father's eyes and was gone. In embarrassment he went on, "You probably did 'way too much, but gosh—they're beauties." His thumb caressed them.

"The lenses are very good, Rob." His father's tone was casual. Rob knew it for assent to his question. They had cost a lot, but what of that, his tone implied.

"Yeah. . . ." Rob snapped the case shut. The catch closed with delicate, perfect click of adjustment. "Yeah. . . ."

Suddenly there seemed nothing more to say. This was all an old, old story; an old scene stealing into the play again. How many calm, proper good-bys had been said in his lifetime, Rob wondered. They were all the same, whether he was off to camp, to military school, or to college. How many too-late gifts, how many bold kisses on his cheek, how many firm man-to-man handshakes? The only difference this time was that the uniform, shiny with newness, was that of the U. S. Army. Rob felt a small stab of pleasure in the knowledge that not even Dad could alter his status in this prep school.

"Straighten your tie, Rob." His mother flicked a thread from the shoulder of his blouse, then adjusted her suede gloves. She took her handkerchief from the lizard bag and the faint, light fragrance of her perfume drifted toward him.

Rob fixed his tie, pushed his cap to a more precise angle.

"The plane ought to be here—five minutes overdue now." His father looked intently toward the clear horizon, as though to bring the plane in through the sheer force of his impatience, it seemed to Rob.

"Too bad to keep you waiting, Sir. Don't wait, really. You and Mother go now. Thank you for the wonderful glasses. Thanks for the party last night, Mother. It was a super send-off."

HIS MOTHER did not seem to be listening. He saw her glance slide past him and as clearly as though

she had spoken he heard her thought: *What a tasteless performance.*

Public demonstration, he knew, was always distasteful to her. As long as he could remember he had been taught to keep his feelings to himself. He had learned his lesson very well. Emotion might fill him to the brim, but it never spilled over into words, into actions.

Following her glance he saw the untidy, red-eyed woman in the arms of the tall soldier. The fellow held her gently, his smooth

It's a fact:

"To Escape," literally means

"to take off your cloak."

cheek on her straggling gray hair. And he talked to her like a father comforting his hurt child—"Mom, Mom, don't cry so, Honey. Nothing's gonna happen to me. Here, Sweetie, let's wipe those eyes." He mopped her plain face tenderly. She let him tidy her hair, then she reached out for the hand of the man beside her, her husband, Rob was sure, the tall guy's Dad.

The soldier put an arm around each of them and they clung to him, three people as one against the ordeal of separation.

Rob felt the old pain again, the old enveloping loneliness. Suddenly he wanted his parents to leave him and take their beautiful, costly gift with them. He wanted something which he could not name, which was there in the tableau before him—love that did not stop to think of taste and propriety; arms, close loving arms holding him fiercely; eyes wet with tears shed for him, for him.

"Ah—" there was relief in his father's voice. The plane was on the turntable. And through the loud-speaker the announcer was calling the flight.

Rob felt relief so great it was like release from pain. He looked

at the trio across the way. The father was kissing his son's cheek, his eyes unashamedly wet. The mother was smiling a smile so full of love, so deep in tenderness that Rob could watch no longer.

"Write often, Dear." His mother's fragrant cheek was turned for his kiss. His father's handclasp was firm and kind. "The best, Son."

SETTLED IN the plane he looked out toward Gate No. 2. The two couples were still there, his own parents, and the parents of the tall soldier.

The roar of the engines shook the plane, then settled into the rhythmic throbbing of the warm-up. Idly Rob took the glasses from their case. Idly he trained them on Gate No. 2. Unbelieving, he adjusted the focus sharply. It couldn't be!

But it was. His tall, smart mother in her gray tweed and the untidy mother in her shapeless black coat were standing with their arms around each other. Now it was the other mother who was comforting his. The gray tweed shoulders were bent and shaking. His father's head was bent, too. Rob saw the white blur of his handkerchief as he wiped his eyes.

The plane began to move. Rob strained to keep the group at the gate in focus. But the speed of the moving plane increased and he could not. He saw his mother straighten up and reach for a handkerchief, not in her lizard bag, but in his father's hand. He saw his father lean toward her.

Rob felt the salt, unshed tears of childhood flood his eyes. But he felt, too, an intense, warm elation.

It poured into his chest, washing away the cold stone of loneliness. It spread through his body, driving out the chill. He let the lovely tears pour down his face. Inside himself he put his arms around his father and mother. Inside himself he said, "Mom, Mom, don't cry so, Honey. Nothing's gonna happen to me. Here, Sweetie, let's wipe those eyes."

The plane left the earth with the skimming lift of a great bird, and he was aloft.

You as parents must lead your child to an acceptance of Christ and of the holy ordinances of the church.



Lord from Monkmeyer

WHAT do you wish for your child? When he was a tiny baby, you undoubtedly spent happy moments dreaming into the future, seeing your son as perhaps an influential lawyer, a successful businessman, or an eloquent preacher. Perhaps you pictured your little daughter as a dedicated nurse or teacher, or a charming, gracious mother. Whatever it is you saw for your child, you hoped he would be well and happy and successful. To that end you have helped him during his childhood years. You have watched his health, trying to give him all the vitamins and minerals he needs, guarding his rest and his exercise. You have encouraged him in his school work, trying to instill a deep desire for knowledge and understanding. You have guided his friendship that he might learn how to work and play happily with others. You have taken him to Sunday church school and church, where he could learn to know God and Jesus. All of this you have done, or are now doing, that your child may have the very best opportunity to develop into a well-adjusted, useful adult.

Christian parents, however, wish more for their children than that. Deep in the hearts of all of us is the hope that some day our son or our daughter will accept Jesus Christ as a personal Savior, and will follow him. What are you doing to make *that* dream come true?

You De

The decision to follow Christ is perhaps the most important decision your child ever will make. Equally important is the way he holds to the decision once it is made. The course that his life will take will be greatly influenced by that decision. How can you know when he is ready for it? What can you do to help him?

Whatever the age of your child now, you can begin to prepare him for the time when he will decide to accept Jesus, to be baptized, and to join the church fellowship. In Sunday church school and church he will begin to learn about God and Jesus. At home you can help him really to know them. Follow the suggestions in the parents' material which you receive from your church. Tell your child the stories of Jesus that are suggested. Help him to think of Jesus as a loving friend. Help him to see how he, as a little child, can do as Jesus taught.

You will not be able to do this unless you yourself are sincerely Christian in your living. As he sees you following Jesus' teachings at home and outside, as he sees you seek God's guidance in prayer, he, too, will begin to do likewise.

Help your child to be happy at church, to think of it as a place where he is welcome and where he makes good friends. Take him to Sunday church school, and when he is old enough, to church. Let him see you accept your responsibilities at church gladly and enthusiastically. Let him know you are regular and dependable in your stewardship. When he feels that God and Jesus and the church are really important in your life, your little child will feel they must be important for him also. This you can do while your child is little.

All children develop according to God's definite pattern. Some develop faster than others and are ready sooner to make a definite decision to accept

Child's Baptism

Jesus as their personal Savior. We, who are so anxious to see this decision, sometimes try to hurry it along, urging a child into it before he is ready. It is much better, indeed it is much more in accord with God's plan, that we provide the wholesome Christian environment for our children and encourage the decision itself when they themselves show they are eager for it.

As your child approaches nine, ten, eleven, or twelve, he will begin to ask questions: "What do I have to do to join the church?" "When can I be baptized?" "When can I take Communion?" "Daddy, how old were you when you joined the church?" "I'd like to put my money in an offering envelope," and other questions or remarks. Any of these questions, or any like them, are signals to you that your boy or girl is ready to do some deep thinking about a very important step. Answer the questions earnestly, seriously, prayerfully. Perhaps you will want to talk to your pastor about them.

Your child may be one of those who do not ask questions, but who show by the things that attract and hold their attention that they are ready to consider baptism. Perhaps he is interested in how the offering is collected, how the Communion table is arranged, or what the pastor does during the week at church. He may simply show a new maturity in his attention and interest at Sunday church school. Whatever signs your child shows of his readiness, your pastor will undoubtedly arrange to talk with him; or he may ask his Sunday church school teacher to do so. At last you and your boy or girl will be entering together into a period that can be a supreme spiritual experience for you all.

Your pastor will suggest to you that your child attend his pastor's class when it takes place. Pastors' classes for boys and girls usually are held just before and after Easter, although many pastors conduct them at other times also. You can cooperate by helping your child to be present at all of the

class sessions. Show an interest in the assignments he has, unless they are of a personal nature, and be familiar with the book he will be using. Above all, let him sense your deep interest and joy, but avoid making him feel you are pushing him toward a decision. If he is not ready this year, perhaps he will be more ready next year, after more thought and more prayer, after more "living" with the idea.

Your pastor will probably give your child a decision card to discuss with you. Choose a time when you as parents can talk with your child quietly and unhurriedly. Pray with him, simply and in words he can understand. Thank God for leading him to his decision. Ask God's guidance as you and he try to follow Jesus. A joyful but prayerful attitude on your part will do much to help him to realize the importance of his step.

Again, on the day of his baptism, you may want to have a time of family worship together before you all go to church. Perhaps you can learn what the hymns will be for the service, and sing one of these together. He may choose a verse of scripture to be remembered as he approaches baptism. Many parents choose this time to present a special gift—a lovely New Testament, or a special edition of the Bible, or perhaps a good religious picture for the child's room. One family considers the baptism of a son or a daughter such a spiritual milestone, that Grandfather and Grandmother journey several hundred miles to be present to share intimately in the joy of the occasion. All of these observances tend to emphasize the importance of the decision that has been made.

It might seem that with baptism your responsibility is at an end, but the actual baptism and receiving the right hand of fellowship into the church are only the beginning of the development of a deeper Christian life. Your child has promised to accept Jesus as his personal Savior and to follow in his way of life. He has pledged himself to support the church

with his time, talent, and money. So once again, you must lead the way! This can very well be a time of rededication for the whole family. When you talk with him about applying the teachings of Jesus to his everyday life, consider how you apply them to yours. When you discuss with your child how much of his money he will give back to the church, examine your own giving as well. When you help him to decide how he can serve the church in his own way, evaluate your own service too.

Your pastor, the board of deacons, or some other committee in the church will probably help to lead your child in choosing his service to the church. If no one does, talk with your pastor yourself. Tell him of your concern that your child now have a task to do for the church. Perhaps he can fold bulletins or help the janitor clean for Sunday. Perhaps he can rake the lawn or organize the hymnals in the pew racks. Perhaps he can undertake to phone the absentees in his class, or to write to a sick class mem-

ber. Whatever his service, it is important that he be needed, and that he does it regularly and well. Encourage him, help him, and some day you may see him help as an usher, sing in the choir, or serve the Communion as a deacon.

In the lives of Christian parents there are times when the realization that they are working hand-in-hand with God becomes very vivid. Did you not feel very much a part of God's plan when you first saw your tiny baby and held him safe in your arms? Did you not praise the wisdom of God as you watched the wee one grow and develop? Have you not marveled at the guidance of God when the way had seemed difficult to see, and God has answered when you called? Never will you feel more strongly the presence of God, nor sense your partnership with him, than when you prayerfully lead your child to make his great decision. It is one of the blessed privileges and glorious opportunities that come to Christian parents.

Fair Warning

The love-smitten gent, matrimonially bent
Escorts his sweet damsel with pride.
She's lovely! She's fair! She has gorgeous hair.
This visage, alas, is belied.

For lo, comes the night—the dame looks a fright.
He'd shriek if you saw his fair lassie.
With hair done in knobs and cold cream in blobs,
Her chassis ain't really so classy.

—Sue Heron

The Individualist

I am not a man who labors
Like a slave to match his neighbors
In the number of possessions they can boast.
Vying madly with the Joneses,
I elect to make no bones, is
A pursuit with which I'll never be engrossed.

Disapproval won't unnerve me,
And you won't, in time, observe me
Keeping up with Mr. Jones, I guarantee.
If they want me as an equal,
All the members of his clique will
Be obliged to do their living down with me!

—Richard Wheeler

"House" Your Knowledge?

by Helen Houston Boileau

You know the House of Representatives and the House of Commons, but how many of these others can you identify? Count 10 for each correct answer and you should make 80%.

- 1—Hull House ----- ()
- 2—House of Seven Gables ----- ()
- 3—Parker House ----- ()
- 4—Harvey House ----- ()
- 5—Blair House ----- ()
- 6—Palmer House ----- ()
- 7—White House ----- ()
- 8—International House ----- ()
- 9—Orchard House ----- ()
- 10—Maxwell House ----- ()

- 1—An American hot bread as well as a hotel.
- 2—A Chicago hotel.
- 3—A restaurant chain, associated with the West and railroad roads.
- 4—Social settlement in Chicago, founded by Jane Addams.
- 5—A romance by Hawthorne.
- 6—A brand of coffee.
- 7—Living quarters for students of many nations.
- 8—Home of the Alcotts, where "Little Women" was written.
- 9—The official residence of United States Presidents.
- 10—Official United States Guest House.

ANSWERS

9	-----10	10	-----5
8	-----6	8	-----4
7	-----8	1	-----3
6	-----7	5	-----2
2	-----9	4	-----1



One of the owners stands in front of Celestial Grill. This is a nonprofit restaurant, established "to lead people toward a more Christian way of life."

Celestial Grill

A Religious News Service Feature

In Springfield, Illinois, downtown shoppers can dine in a Christian atmosphere. This Christian atmosphere is found at Celestial Grill, a nonprofit restaurant established by an organization headed by three Protestant ministers. The Rev. R. C. Peters, of the Foursquare Gospel Tabernacle in Springfield, is president of the organization.

Displayed on the walls are plaques with religious quotations and a large picture of Christ. The juke box plays only religious recordings. Although no attempt is made to evangelize the diners, the owners of the establishment hope that the Christian atmosphere will lead people toward a more Christian life.

Community reaction has been mostly favorable, with several customers saying they come to the Grill for spiritual consolation.



No attempt is made to evangelize the diners in the Grill, but many people go there for spiritual consolation. Community reaction has been mostly favorable

What Do You Tell YOUR PARENTS?



Do you invite your friends to your home to meet your parents?

Do your parents enjoy your confidence? How much do you tell them? The answer to the following 10 questions should give you the answer to the first two.

1. Do your parents know personally those who make up your circle of friends?
2. Do you invite your friends to your home to meet your parents?
3. When you are out at night, on the week end, or for any length of time, do your parents know where you are?
4. If you are going to be later than you planned, do you call to let them know?
5. Do you tell them about your studies, activities, the parties you attend?
6. Do you discuss with them the books and magazines that you read?
7. If there is a problem on your mind, something important, no matter what it may be, do you talk it over with your parents?
8. Do you accompany them to church?



If you are going to be later than you planned, do you call to let them know?

9. Do you accompany them on occasions which are important to them?
10. Do you invite your parents to accompany you on the occasions which are important to you?

The answers to all of these should be "yes." If there is a "no" somewhere, it is a danger

signal. Perhaps a little analysis will help you change that "no" to a "yes."

Questions 1 and 2 refer to your friends in school, in church, and in the neighborhood. If your answer to these two questions is "no," there is something definitely wrong. If you can't introduce your friends to your parents, where would you say the burden of proof rests? Certainly, not on your parents. They have been around long enough for you to know their value.

You have your own value, too. You have one of life's most valuable gifts—youth. Your parents have another—experience. It is the wise youth who uses the experience thus available to him.

Questions 3 and 4 refer to the time you spend away from home. This is one of the main problems.

Do you accompany them to church?

(Continued on page 28.)

What Do You Tell

YOUR YOUNG PEOPLE?



Do they discuss serious problems with you?

Do your sons and daughters come to you for advice or do they seek it elsewhere? If they do not come to you, what is the reason? You may find the answer in a self-analysis based on the following questions.

1. Do you know the whereabouts of the young people in your family?
2. Do they call if they are late?
3. Do you know their friends?
4. Do you invite them to your home?
5. Do you know what your young people read?
6. Do they discuss everyday problems with you?
7. Do they discuss serious problems?
8. Do you accompany them to church?
9. Do you take them out socially?
10. Do you attend functions in which they are interested?

Are your answers "yes"? If not, do a little analyzing to find out why.

Questions 1 and 2 refer to your son's or daughter's whereabouts;

3 and 4, to their friends; 5, 6, and 7, to what they tell you; 8, 9, and 10, to the time you give them.

Take the questions in order.

Where are your young people right now? What if an accident should suddenly occur? Could you reach them? With that as a very natural reason you can put across the importance of knowing where they are and of their knowing where you are.

If your family trusts you and knows that you are concerned about them, you stand little chance of their ever deceiving you. When boys and girls deceive their parents, it is for any one of many reasons: fear, bravado, imitation. More often it is through lack of trust.

Deception often leads to embarrassing situations for both young person and parent. A young girl failed one morning to show up at the office. The supervisor called her home. The girl's mother said: "She should be there. She left on time." Eventually the girl called to say she was sick. The supervisor couldn't resist saying, "You'd better tell your mother. She doesn't know." The girl, of course, lost her job.

Such traits will not build character, the main thing required in building friendships. Friends are important in the lives of young people. The boy or girl should have the power to be a friend and to recognize the qualities of real friendship in another.

How about their friends? It is important that you know who they are. Know their background.

Here is your opportunity to point out what to look for in a friend, no "snob value," but genuine lasting qualities. In pointing out these qualities you give your boy or girl a sense of values.

You can demonstrate that sense of values in the way you treat their friends. Whether you approve of them or not, greet them as politely as you would your own friends. Open disapproval will not help; it will only turn your own against



Do you take them out socially?

you in championship of their friends. Your Christian attitude of friendliness can do much to clarify the young person's point of view.

Perhaps he is wondering what to think of his new friends. If they are wrong for him, your exemplary manner can show them up for what they are without your having to say a word of criticism.

In this way you can also build mutual confidence, which is our next consideration. Whether or not it exists in your home depends on you.

Are you too busy to find out what they read, to listen to their

(Continued on page 28.)

By adopting "the most undesirable boy" in the orphanage and a tiny girl to take the place of their own daughter who had died, the Marches found happiness again.

Children in the House

ALMOST every house on Brown Avenue had someone sitting on its front veranda. Some of us tried to make ourselves believe we were sitting there to get a breath of fresh air, for the day had been a scorcher. But deep in our hearts we all knew we were there for a single purpose.

That was to see Todd and Frances March come home with the little girl they were going "to try out for adoption"; the little girl whose future in their home depended on whether or not she could take the place of their wee daughter, Jean, who had died several months before.

Several times before that day the welfare agent had sent them calls to come and see a little girl, eligible for adoption. Each time they had come home alone. Frances had said little about their reason for not taking the children offered them, but Todd had talked angrily about the agency "trying to palm off on them a child no one would want."

"We've tried to co-operate with them," he stormed one night to Henry. "We've taken them photographs of Jeannie. We've told them how happy she was, how sweetly she sang, how much she loved us. They've offered us stolid children who couldn't talk or sing or laugh, and because we haven't taken any of them, they told Fran they were going to make us just one more offer of a child."

They had left home rather frightened that afternoon. Some of us who had loved dearly the dancing, tiny, five-year-old Jeannie with the thick brown curls, the big brown eyes, and the laughing mouth were almost frightened too. We felt the trim, little March bungalow would be more lonely, more tragic for the two of them if they came back to it alone this afternoon.

My next-door neighbor left her veranda to cross to ours. She dropped down on the top step and fanned herself. "They've been gone so long, I'm uneasy. They can't take many more disappointments. You know what the Warrens did because of loneliness," she said.

I was just ready to say that Frances and Todd loved each other too much to break up their home.

As I opened my mouth, my neighbor put her finger out to point to a blue sedan a block away coming toward us. It was the car that Todd and Frances had bought because Jeannie loved blue so much.

Todd stopped the car in front of the house and left it to open the rear door for Frances. One minute she stepped out of the car; the next she turned to reach out her hand for a little boy about nine years old. With Todd following, the two of them walked to their front door and then into the house.

At that minute all of us were too amazed even to make comments on the strange happening.

* * *

—Eva Luoma



The next morning I met Frances and the little boy, Bill, at our grocery. Frances, her face wearing the sad, little smile it has worn since Jeannie died, introduced him, "This is Bill. He is going to visit for a little while."

The little boy, whose hair was too long and whose clothes were too tight, didn't speak or didn't even smile. He glanced at me and then turned back to Frances, and his eyes seemed to freeze on her face. Gently he took the packages she handed him, and after they had finished buying groceries, the two of them turned and walked side by side out of the store and up the street.

Nor did Frances talk about him to the other neighbors, except to say that he was staying with them for a while. Beginning with his first day in the March home, however, Bill's appearance began to change. The neighbors wondered why on earth Todd and Frances had brought such an awkward, "queer" child to their home.

The barber told me that he had had to talk Frances into letting him give Bill a burr haircut. "She seemed to like all that thick brown hair on his head," he added, "but the kid wanted one. He was cuter than six buttons after I finished with him."

His nondescript clothes gave way to blue jeans and very attractive sweat shirts. He stopped walking glumly around the yard and began to romp with Cricket, the little fox terrier Jean had loved. Todd brought home a baseball bat, and in the afternoons Frances tossed Bill flies which he soon began to hit.

It was then Todd began to talk to Henry. He said one day, "The kid has stopped wetting the bed. He says hello to the other children. He's going to be a different kid when we take him back to the orphanage. They won't find it impossible to get someone to adopt him."

Gradually from Todd's talk, Henry began to find out why Frances and Todd had brought Bill home with them. Todd said that after one look at the child who really seemed to be the most undesirable the orphanage had, he wanted to give up the idea of adopting a child. But Frances had said, "Todd, I'd like to take Bill home for a time. I just have to make him. I can't live another day in that lonely house."

He added to Henry, "I suppose she was just thinking of what she could do for the kid to make him desirable. I let her take him. Now I don't see how they can turn down our request for a sweet, little girl after they see Bill again."

Soon after that Fran told me, "As I stood looking at him that day at the orphanage, my conscience just seemed to thunder at me, 'Frances March, you're as selfish as most other folks are. All you are thinking about is taking a little girl for what she will do for you. What you should be thinking of is what you can do for that child, who needs you so very, VERY much.'"

She lifted her head, and the emptiness which had come into her eyes was all gone. In its place were eagerness, love, and peace. She had in her keeping a little child who needed her and whom she really needed.

* * *

One day I met them in the five- and ten-cent store close to the jewelry counter. Bill was looking at rings, demanding that she try them on. Then he spent the quarter he had earned that morning by giving Cricket a bath for the ring which he thought had the prettiest setting—a bright blue stone.

"It's blue like your eyes, Mom," he said. "Mine are brown like Dad's. Blue eyes are beautifuler than brown ones."

Frances wore the ring home, and for weeks it never left her hand. Todd spent most of the time after he got home from work at the bank, where he was a trust officer, "tossing flies" for Bill to hit. After the bank's annual all-day picnic at the president's farm, Todd boasted to Henry, "Some coach I am. That kid Bill was the star in the junior baseball game. Some of the visitors who didn't know us said after I'd played in the regular game that Bill was just a chip off the old block."

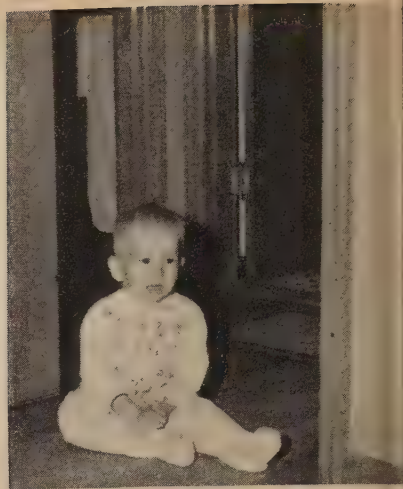
School started, and Todd stopped talking about taking Bill back to the Home to exchange for a little girl. Bill was a year behind other boys of his age, but he studied at home and caught up with them before the year was over. He was elected representative of his room for the Junior Red Cross. He made the top elementary baseball team, and when he started talking basketball, Todd put up a basket in the back yard and spent hours on Saturday afternoons "making him a forward," he said.

Christmas was a great day at the March home. Bill helped Frances trim the tree. He had made gifts for them—a pottery bowl for "Mom" and a woven tie for "Dad." His art teacher gave him A on both of them and said that though he'd never be an artist, he "surely was a determined little worker."

(Continued on page 28.)



Photos by erb.



1.

2.

Where shall I go?
What shall I do?
This takes some thought
By me and you,

The TV set
Is much too high—
But I see now
What I shall try.

Typewriter

by Doris Clore Demaree



3.

4.

This black machine
Will make a noise,
My Daddy says
It's not for boys.

I'll climb this chair—
I think I can—
And then I'll pound
It like a man.

Let's Take a GASTRONOMICAL Journey

by Linda Bailey

Getting tired of seeing the "same old food" on the table all the time? Well, cheer up! Here's an article designed to awaken your lethargic eating habits and to start you on a journey of good eating

IN a movie, which I saw recently, an intern was telling another medic that he had taken his wife to a French restaurant for dinner one evening. "What do you suppose she ordered!" the doctor scornfully retorted. "Spaghetti!"

Unfortunately, too many of us Americans, like the doctor's wife, have become cloistered in a meat-and-potatoes environment, and we are unaware of the many other culinary delights which beckon enticingly to the bon vivant.

Suppose, for example, that you suddenly find yourself in front of two restaurants. One is Peterson's Swedish Smorgasbord Palace, and the other is Smokey Joe's Steak and Shake. Where will *you* eat? Well, if you are an average American citizen with chauvinistic American tastes, you will probably eat a greasy hamburger and drink a coke at Smokey Joe's. You dwell in oblivion to the fact that in the Scandinavian haven of nourishment next door there are succulent Swedish meatballs in cream sauce, pickled herring, and other tempting treats.

I have heard people say that they get tired of "the same old cooking" all the time. These misguided mortals undoubtedly do not realize that they need not be content with "the same old cooking." The world of cuisine is at our doorstep, and there are enough delicacies for us to have a decidedly different meal every day for quite some time!

My mother, father, and I have always enjoyed eating foreign

dishes. One day a few summers ago we had lunch at a Japanese restaurant, where we ate sukiyaki (you haven't lived until you've eaten this) and Japanese fried shrimp, called tempura, which makes the French fried variety look microscopic. In the evening we dined at a Swedish smorgasbord restaurant and stuffed ourselves with Swedish meatballs, fish, and other Scandinavian taste delights. The international situation in my stomach was dubious for a while (I think the Japanese shrimp were playing Ping-pong with the Swedish meatballs), but that day was one of the most pleasurable I have ever spent.

We would not consider ourselves well educated if we went to college and took only science or language courses. If we went to visit the home of an immortal national leader, we would not be satisfied to see only the living room. Why, then, should we restrict our food intake to a very limited number of foods that we call "American"? "American" food has always seemed to me to be an extraneous term. What do we classify as "American" food? I learned in my geography lessons in grade school (once in a while I did open the geography book) that America is a melting pot of all nations. If this is so, then food from all na-

tions should be classified as American food.

"But my children won't eat anything but hamburgers and French fries!" is a familiar refrain of harassed mothers. The chances are that Mater has confined the diet of her so-called persnickity lads and lasses to such a menu. She might find that they would thoroughly enjoy a change in culinary scenery.

If the idea of trying new and different dishes tantalizes your taste buds and causes your stomach to purr like a contented kitty, then you are ready to embark upon a plan of action.

As a family visit the various foreign restaurants that your city has to offer. Most cities have French, Swedish, Italian, German, and Chinese restaurants. Don't be afraid to experiment with strange dishes, and encourage your offspring not to order peanut butter sandwiches.

Many times the appellation attached to a dish discourages us from eating it. Ninety-nine and forty-four one-hundredths of the time we would enjoy a gastronomical treat were it not for the name. Rattlesnake meat is delicious, say those who have eaten it. A friend of mine ate a very tasty morsel at a banquet in Lebanon one time, but her rapture turned to revul-

(Continued on page 30.)

IRISH SHENANIGANS

by Loie Brandom

*Sure, and it's a great day to invite your Irish friends
of all nationalities to a big March blow.*

At a big March blow where friend
meets friend,

There's bound to be fun, so please
attend;

There'll be Irish shenanigans and
you'll find,

You'll be welcomed, entertained, and
even dined.

Place	Date	Hour
-------	------	------

For family and friends, or for a complete neighborhood get-together for fun, March offers the ideal time. So don't let an opportunity slip by for a rollicking evening of real Irish shenanigans.

The rooms should be decorated with green and white crepe paper streamers and shamrocks. Have previously placed about the room in plain view, objects suggesting something in connection with Ireland, such as a map of "Old Erin" pinned to a curtain or on the wall, a piece of cork, clay pipe, green rubber or paper snakes, an Irish potato, a pig, a pot of shamrocks, picture of an Irish jaunting cart, a shillelagh, "Blarney stone," a linen handkerchief with a small label in the corner stating, "Made in Ireland," a photograph of the Lake of Killarney, a green necktie, dolls dressed in Irish costumes, and so on.

Use these objects to keep the

guests circulating when they begin to arrive by handing each one a green pencil and slip of white paper and announcing that the one who identifies the longest list of Irish objects, as decided by competent judges after the papers have been signed and collected, will be awarded a prize. A book of Irish jokes, an Irish linen handkerchief, or a toy "piggy" bank would make appropriate prizes for this contest.

Pat's Pig: Choose someone to represent Pat. A circle of players is then formed around him. Pat is blindfolded and handed a cane. To lively music the players march around in a circle until Pat knocks on the floor three times with his cane. No one is allowed to move after the music stops. Pat points his cane in some direction, and the player in the circle at whom the cane is pointing must grasp the other end. Pat then inquires, "Is this my pig?" The player holding on to the cane's end must grunt three times in quick session. Pat tries to guess the name of the "pig" and may repeat the question three times. If at the end of that time he has not guessed correctly, the music starts, and the game continues as before until Pat does guess someone correctly.

When the guess is right, the player, whose voice has been recog-

nized, exchanges places with Pat in the center of the circle, is blindfolded, and the game goes on as before. If the circle is a very large one, two Pats may be chosen. Then the grunting becomes quite funny, the Pats sometimes becoming confused as to which grunter is at the end of which cane.

A Race to Cork: Divide the contestants into groups of equal size. Six in a group make a nice team. Line the groups up behind a starting mark at one end of the room or hall. At the opposite end have a long table holding as many pans of water as there are teams in the race. In each pan have bobbing on the water as many new bottle corks, each with a straight pin stuck upright in it, as there are members of each group.

At a given signal the first man in each group rushes forward, and with hands held behind him, tries to grasp in his teeth, the pin in one of the bobbing corks in the pan of water belonging to his team. When he has secured one, he must carry it between his teeth while he runs back to touch off contestant number two, who repeats the performance and so on until all have obtained their corks. The last player of a group who is first to return to his original place wins for that team.

(Continued on page 28.)

Worship in the Family with Children

Theme for March: **GOD'S HELPERS**

To Use with Younger Children

A WORD TO PARENTS

The materials on this page and the next two pages are for your use in moments of worship with your children. If you have a family worship service daily in your home, some of the materials here may be used at that time. If you use "Secret Place," you may find that some of them fit into the meditations in that booklet.

A Bible Verse

Even a child is known by what he does.—Proverbs 20:11.*

A Prayer

We are glad, God, for friends who help us. We are glad that we can help our friends. Help us to find kind and thoughtful things to do for others. We want to be good helpers. Amen.

Some Questions

After reading the story on this page, what do you think Sylvia thought about Mary Anne? Why would Sylvia feel that Mary Anne was her friend? Does that reason remind you of the Bible verse on this page? Can you think of some way to show you are a friend and one of God's helpers?

A Kind Friend

Sylvia had been sick in bed for several days. When she began to feel better, she wanted to sit up in bed. Mother fluffed the pillows and put an extra one behind her so that she could sit up and look out of the window.

Then Sylvia wished she had something else to do. "I wish I could get up," she said. "I could play with my dolls or I could paint at my easel."

"The doctor says it is too soon for you to get up," replied Mother. "We want you to be very well before you get up so that you will continue to grow stronger."

Just then the chimes of the door rang. Mother went to open the door. There stood Mary Anne.

"I came to see Sylvia," said Mary Anne. "Is she well enough to have company?"

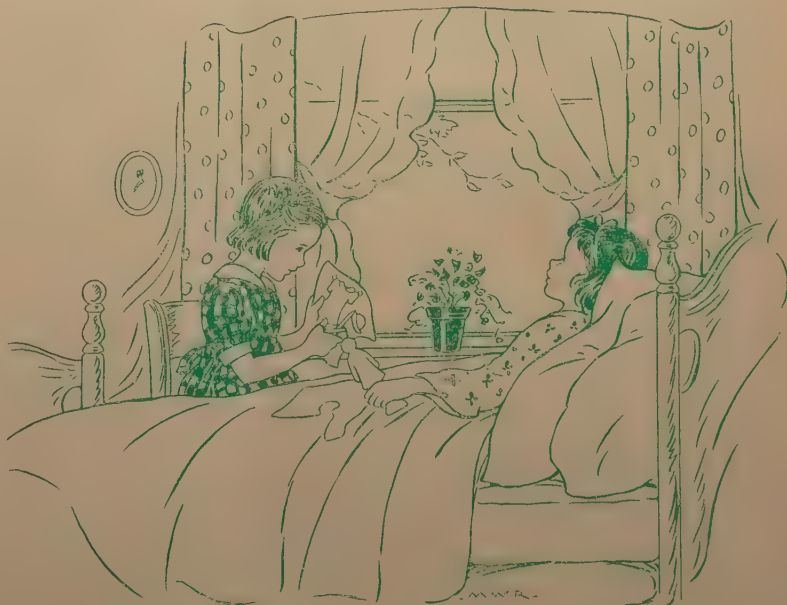
"Indeed she is," said Sylvia's mother, "and she will certainly be glad to see you."

"I brought some paper dolls. I can cut them out and maybe we can play with them on the side of the bed," added Mary Anne.

"What a splendid idea," said Sylvia's mother.

"Sylvia is my friend," continued Mary Anne, "and this is one way I can show her I love her."

"Yes, Sylvia will know you are her friend because of the kind and thoughtful thing you are doing for her," answered Sylvia's mother.



*From the Bible—A New Translation, by James Moffatt. Copyrighted in 1922-1935 and 1950 by Harper & Brothers. Used by permission.

To Use with Older Children

God's Helpers

We can send gifts. Gifts do not need to be expensive to be appreciated. You may make from paper or cloth a neat gift such as a pot holder or a bookmark for someone who is ill or who is elderly and lonely. Think of the happiness a thoughtful gift would bring.

We can send cards or letters. Everyone likes to get mail. Think how happy you can make someone by writing a letter or a card.

We can give our time. Sometimes we can help people not to be lonely, if we take time to visit with them. We can read to our younger brothers or sisters, play with them. Think how happy they will be because you gave them some of your time.

We can give our money. Some of our money we give at church helps to keep our church a beautiful place to come to worship, and part of our money helps other people to have churches, too.

We can give our service.

GOD'S WONDERFUL WORLD

Mabel A. McCaw

Mary E. McKim

For Family Worship

Call to Worship: "A new commandment I give to you, that you love one another."—John 13:34.

Song: "God's Wonderful World" (on this page, or select some other hymn which helps to remind us that we have a part in working for God to show love to others).

Poem: "My Friend" (on opposite page).

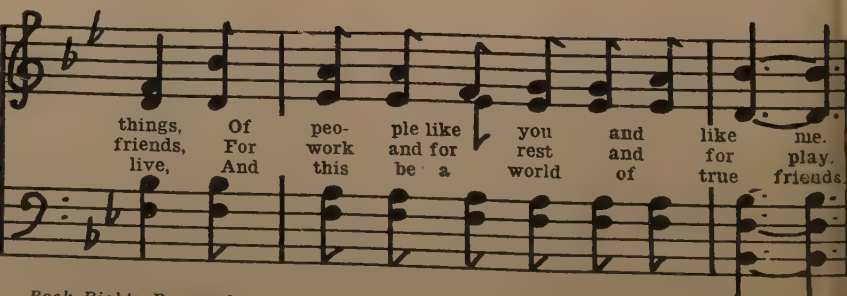
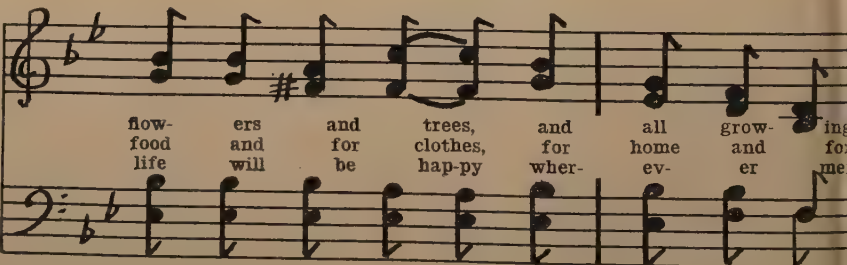
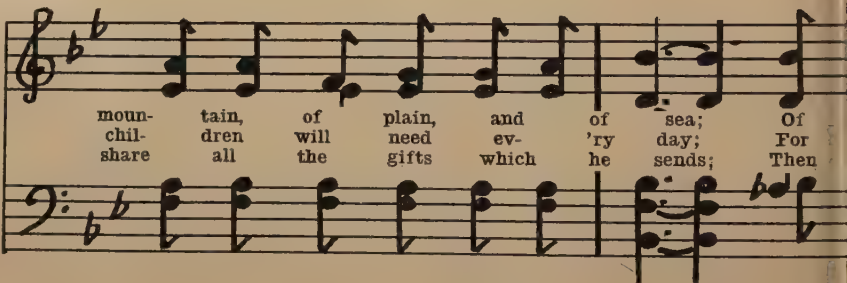
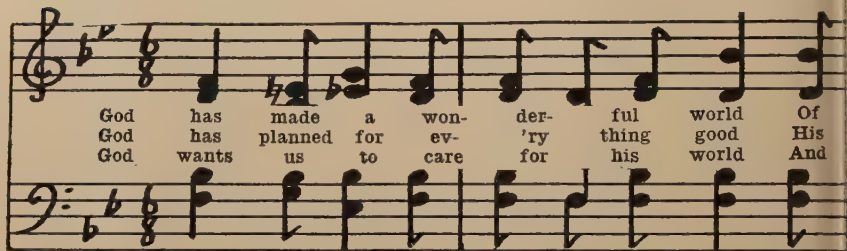
Meditation: "God's Helpers" (on this page)

or use the

story, "Jesus Brings Joy to a Lonely Man," Primary Pupil's Book, First Year, Winter Quarter, page 39

Spiritual: "I Want to Be a Christian," verses 1, 2, *Hymns for Primary Worship*, page 121 (or select some favorite hymn).

Prayer: God, our Father, we are grateful for your love for us. We are grateful for the love of family and friends. We know that we can help others to know of your love when we are loving to them. Help us to find kind, thoughtful, and helpful things to do for others that will show our love for them and your love for us all. Amen.



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Bobby's Prayer

Mother and Father had guests; so Shirley, Bobby's sister, was going to read one story to Bobby from his favorite storybook before time for him to go to sleep.

When the story was finished, Shirley said to Bobby, "Do you want to talk about the things that happened today as you would when Mother or Daddy reads to you?"

"Yes," said Bobby. "Let's see. I had fun playing with my mum today. Jerry and I had a parade. I was the leader and I played the drum. Skippy ran along, too, and just barked and barked. Mother baked some cookies and gave some to Teddy Bear and me. Gee, they were good! Of course, Teddy Bear gave me his so I had lots of cookies. I'm glad we have Mother, aren't you, Shirley? I love her. I love Daddy, too. I had a bubbling feeling when I saw him coming home tonight, and I had to meet him. I love you, too, Shirley. I'm glad you are my sister."

"Would you like to say thank you to God?" asked Shirley.

"Yes," said Bobby, and he prayed, "Thank you, God, for Mother and Daddy and Shirley. Thank you for my happy day. Amen."

Could you help your younger brother or sister with a thank-you prayer? Can you think of things you would want to include in your own prayer?



Some Bible Verses

Some of these verses help me to know how to be one of God's helpers:

"A new commandment I give to you, that you love one another."—John 13:34.

A friend loves at all times.—Proverbs 17:17.

"As you wish that men would do to you, do so to them."—Luke 6:31.

Through love be servants of one another.—Galatians 5:13.

Be kind to one another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another.—Ephesians 4:32.

Which of these verses do you think the boy in the picture is following?

Perhaps you could make up a story about the boy and girl in this picture and use it in the family worship service instead of the meditation or story suggested.



My Friend

Marty is a friend of mine;

She's kind as she can be.

As soon as I moved into town,

She came to play with me.

She took me to her church school

When Sunday came around.

It made me very happy,

For many friends I found.

I'll try to be like Marty

When I see someone new.

I think she's such a kind friend

And God's helper, too, don't you?

—J. P.



A Might-Have-Been Story

by Jean Wyatt

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN STEIGER

THIS is a story that might have happened in the early days when North America was inhabited by the Red Man. Though it is not known when and how the Indians came upon the use of clay to make dishes and ornaments, perhaps it was a young Indian lad named White Bear who really discovered the secret of the red soil.

White Bear sat by the river-that-bends-like-a-bow and let the sparkling waters splash against his brown legs. His hands, busy as a chattering squirrel, dabbled with a lump of sticky red earth, smoothing and patting it this way and

that way until it began taking form.

White Bear lived with his father, East Wind, who was a chief, and his mother, Little Fawn, beyond the deep forest that fringed the river-that-bends-like-a-bow. They had moved to these new hunting grounds three moons ago to escape from a fierce tribe of other Indians who warred on them at intervals.

White Bear, who was ten winters old, often came alone to play in the river-that-bends-like-a-bow and to dig in the strange heavy soil whose color reminded him of the sumac

berries which his mother boiled to make red dye.

The little Indian boy held the object in his hands for inspection and his dark eyes shone with pleasure. Why! the cup he had carved from the wood of the sassafras tree looked only a bit different from the one he now held before him. How much quicker and easier it had been to make! White Bear tilted his head to one side. What magic held the little vessel together, he wondered, so that it remained whole without crumbling. After a moment White Bear placed the cup carefully on the ground and scrambled to his feet.

He would make a fire with two pieces of wood as he had been taught. Had not the pebbles, wet, red earth he had tossed into that other fire in a moment of fury become almost as stone when today he had poked them from the ashes? It had given him this sudden, new idea. . . . The little cup also would lie on a bed of flame to bake!

White Bear set about his task with eagerness. The minutes sped by with the speed of an arrow. All too soon it was time for the sun to climb out of the tent of blue sky. He must return home, for White Bear knew his mother would be worried if he were not present for the evening meal of moose meat.



White Bear held the object in his hands, and his dark eyes shone with pleasure

(Continued on page 30.)

Sex Education in the Home

by Roy L. Dickerson

Parents will find this excellent article a very useful guide in explaining the facts of sex to their children of all ages—

WHEN the newborn baby comes into the family, it is destined throughout its days to play a role which it does not know. From the moment of its conception the child is either male or female. It is not, however, born with the instinctive knowledge which guides the wild beast in living its life. The boy or girl must be taught the nature and meaning of sex in human life and how to live worthily the life of a male or female, especially in marriage and parenthood, in human society which at its best is a Christian society.

Parents often feel that the physical aspects of sex are embarrassing matters to discuss with their children. Actually, nothing in the material world is more wonderful than God's plan for the renewal of

life. Consider how he has created the male and female bodies so that each produces, in an altogether marvelous way, a tiny cell which carries within it a new combination of the hereditary qualities of each parent. One cell, the female, is so small that two million would scarcely fill a thimble. Yet it is 85,000 times as large as the male cell. In each of these are thousands of tiny particles, called genes, which are measured in millionths of an inch. These genes are the means by which hereditary qualities are passed on from generation to generation. In cooperation with each other they bring about the development of all the parts of the body, each in its proper place. Only one of them may determine such matters as the color of the skin, the texture of the hair, the shape of the nose, or many other physical and mental characteristics.

Nothing in the material world is more wonderful than the growth of this tiny speck of living material into a human being. Marvelous, too, are the bodily arrangements to bring sperm and egg together and to provide a safe place for the baby to grow. More superb than all of these arrangements is God's endowment of the human male and female with the capacity to love each other and to share, father and mother alike, in the love and care of their children.

Sex education rightly deals with all this and takes parents far beyond physical matters into the meaning of marriage and parenthood, the nature of love and how it is recognized, how boys and girls become able to fall in love, the meaning of courtship and engagement, and how to make a happy home.

Much of this education is by the example set by parents in everyday living. From it children acquire the wholesome attitudes toward sex which are so important. From the behavior of their parents they learn much about love of husband and wife for each other, how they show it, the happiness it brings, and how parents love and treat their children.

There is much more, however, that is a matter of

—Guin Ream



Even small children ask questions about sex. These questions should be answered truthfully, within the understanding of the child



—H. Armstrong Roberts.

Adolescents require honest, straight-forward answers to their sex queries, since they hear many fallacies concerning sex. Good books on this subject are available for them

direct instruction. Children must be given facts and explanations suitable to their ability to understand them. They should be given them in the home long before they pick up the vulgar, unscientific, unwholesome talk about sex that goes on among children who, unfortunately, have not had good sex education from their parents. There is no doubt today that most children have not. Parents must understand this, and they must be prepared to protect their children from the common, ignorant, and usually coarse gossip about sex by "beating the gutter to it."

BEGIN EARLY . . . too often it is later than mother and father think. Children begin very early indeed to gather ideas and to develop feelings about sex.

BE HONEST . . . don't evade or deceive. There's nothing dirty or shameful in man's God-given sexual endowment.

GO SLOW . . . a little bit at a time is all that is needed.

DON'T "PASS THE BUCK" . . . if Dad, for example, gets the question, he should answer it instead of saying: "Go ask Mother."

KEEP CALM . . . cultivate the ability to deal with sexual questions or behavior without being flustered, embarrassed, or otherwise upset.

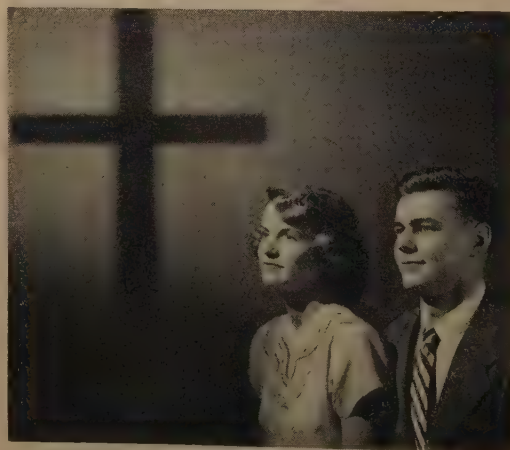
EMPHASIZE SOUND ATTITUDES . . . it is not so much facts as it is the way a child feels about them that is important. Make every effort to help the child understand gradually the marvel and beauty in God's plan for bringing new life into existence in a home where a father and a mother who love each other love and care for the child.

Among the important matters in early years is teaching the use of correct names for the sexual parts of the body. The child needs to use them instead of the "cover-up" words which imply something "not nice" about sex. Correct words are learned by hearing parents use them. Thus, in the very real sense, sex education begins before the child learns to talk. Later, questions concerning the origin of babies, birth, differences between boys and girls, and the father's part in reproduction are asked of children. They need truthful answers adapted to their ability to understand. Parents should prepare themselves in advance to answer these queries by reading a good book or pamphlet. Raising pets, keeping a pair of guppies or canaries gives many opportunities to observe and to discuss reproduction.

As the child approaches adolescence, parents should make clear the changes in maturing. The girl, especially, needs to understand menstruation in advance of her first experience. Boys may have many fears regarding the size and appearance of the external sexual organs which should be alleviated or, better yet, prevented. Anxieties regarding masturbation and the nocturnal emissions come later almost inevitably to boys, and they need wise handling by parents. Boys are especially in need of some basic, elementary information about venereal disease as early as twelve or thirteen, and they need to be advised against the mistaken ideas so often voiced by older boys regarding supposedly complete protection against syphilis or gonorrhea or "getting a girl into trouble."

Later in adolescence both sexes need to be helped to think much more in detail about the nature of love, and how it is recognized, the meaning of marriage, courtship, mate choice, engagement, and parenthood.

In addition, the common problems of wholesome relationships between the sexes require very careful attention. The adolescent needs the most honest and



—H. Armstrong Roberts.

Young people contemplating marriage must understand the role of sex in the Christian home. They need to visualize beyond its physical aspects into its deeper, spiritual meaning

bright teaching regarding petting, promiscuity, sexual relations. Here we need the straight facts and full reasoning underlying Christian standards of sex behavior. We need to make clear many reasons why they are so sound a guide to right and satisfying living.

This generation must be led to understand the great love and beauty of God's plan for human reproduction with special emphasis upon the splendor of the love that links the lives of husband and wife and plays itself not only in devotion and loyalty each to the other but in love for their children. All this is a part of human life, because God created male and female. There is nothing low or unclean in sex. Instead, there is that which enables us to think more reverently of God as our father and of us as his children—concepts, rich in beauty and meaning to which come into our thinking, because human life reproduces as male and female.

The methods by which parents may provide sound sex education for their children are dealt with for children at all ages in an inexpensive guide for

parents called the Home Study Course, published for \$2.00 by the American Institute for Family Relations, 5287 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles. Answers to the usual questions of small children are given by Frances Bruce Strain in her *New Pattern in Sex Teaching* published by Appleton (N. Y.) for \$2.50. The authors' own *Into Manhood* and *So Youth May Know*, both published by Association Press, 291 Broadway, New York, for \$2.00 and \$2.50, respectively, are written for boys themselves to read. The former, for eleven or twelve to thirteen or fourteen, helps them to understand their own maturing. The latter is for those fourteen or fifteen and deals fully with the many problems of these older years including petting, courtship, and mate choice. *The Facts of Life and Love*, by Evelyn Duvall, Association Press, \$3.00, is also useful to teen-agers. Especially for girls is *A Girl Grows Up*, by Ruth Fedder, McGraw Hill (N. Y.), \$3.00. Fuller reading lists can be obtained free from your own denominational headquarters and the American Social Hygiene Association, 1790 Broadway, New York:

Family Guide

Preparation for the Meeting

1. Bear in mind that the topic covers a wide range of ages. It might conveniently be broken up into sub-topics such as Making a Good Start in Sex Education (children up to seven or eight), Preparing the Child for Adolescence (ages nine or ten to thirteen or fourteen) and Guiding the Adolescent (fourteen and over). These age classifications are not rigid. Individual differences in growth and development are so great that no such classifications are possible. Some girls, for example, begin to menstruate at 10, others not until thirteen or later.
2. Get some competent leader who is prepared to deal with the topic not merely as instruction in biology and physiology but from the broader viewpoint represented by the article. To many persons the term "sex education" means only physical matters involved in reproduction. Safeguard against that assumption by your announcement of the meeting.
3. Make arrangements with your public library or some bookstore to have an exhibit of books and pamphlets for parents to examine.
4. Compile a reading list of your own selection for distribution free to parents attending the meeting. Ask your denominational board for a list to guide you. The American Social Hygiene Association, 1790 Broadway, New York, will supply free well-prepared lists of books

and pamphlets too numerous to be mentioned.

5. If possible purchase a good selection of pamphlets and books for your own church library and have them available to lend to parents wishing to borrow them.
6. Arrange to have someone care for young children in the kindergarten room or elsewhere so parents may come without going to the expense of hiring a "baby sitter."

Suggestions for the Meeting Itself

1. If a general topic such as "The Parents' Part in Sex Education" is used, the group might be broken up, after a general talk about the need and importance of sex education, into smaller groups dealing with children of different ages.
2. Show a good moving picture, such as *Human Reproduction*. This can be secured from your public library, state health department, social or mental hygiene society, state Association Films, 291 Broadway, New York. Always precede the showing by a discussion of the subject matter of the film. Always allow time for questions afterward.
3. Draw parents into talking about how they have solved some problem in sex education in dealing with their own children.
4. Use some visual aid, such as the Dickinson Birth Atlas. It is suitable for showing to small groups (up to twenty-five or thirty) if

(Continued on page 26.)

When Children Come With You

Plan to have a leader who may:

Conduct a Story Hour. Suitable stories may be found in this magazine, in the primary and junior church school story papers, or in books borrowed from the public library, the school or church library.

Guide in Making Articles. Suggestions are frequently found in this magazine, as well as in church school papers and in books such as *Holiday Craft and Fun*, by Joseph Leeming; *Here's How and When*, by Armilda Keiser; and *The Ding Dong School Book*, by Dr. Frances R. Horwich and Reinald Werrenrath, Jr. A missions project could well be started, which might be continued in the home. For information, Baptists write to Miss Florence Stansbury, 152 Madison Avenue, New York; Disciples, to Miss Carrie Dee Hancock, 222 South Downey Avenue, Indianapolis 7, Indiana.

Direct Games. Suggestions will be found in previous issues of *Hearthstone* and in books such as *Games for Boys and Girls*, by E. O. Harbin, and *Children's Games from Many Lands*, by Nina Millen.

placed on an easel or table high enough to be seen. This is a good teaching aid which might be owned by the church and lent to parents. (Large sheets 17½ x 22 in folder usable as a standard to support the exhibit. Maternity Center Association, 654 Madison Ave., New York, \$5.00.)

5. Arrange to have paper and pencils so that persons attending the meeting can write questions to be answered. Some would rather do this than ask questions orally. Give every one a slip on which to write and collect all slips, sorting out those with questions on them. In this way no one is conspicuous in submitting questions.

ADDITIONAL REFERENCES

For Children Up to Ten or Eleven

Ets, M. H. *The Story of a Baby*.

Viking. Pictorial explanation with brief text on the development of the baby from cell to birth. Suitable for reading to the child.

Levine, M. I. and Seligman, J. H. *A Baby Is Born*. Simon & Schuster. Suitable for some children at six and seven.

For Boys and Girls Ten or Eleven to Fourteen (inclusive)

Levine, M. I. and Seligman, J. H. *The Wonder of Life*. Simon and Schuster. Primarily for the teens, but might be used for those somewhat younger.

Strain, F. B. *Being Born*. Appleton. Facts of human reproduction presented in simple and direct manner.

Roy L. Dickerson, *Into Manhood*. Association Press. For boys as they face the changes of puberty.

For the Upper Teens

Duvall, Evelyn, *When You Marry*. Heath Partial contents: Anticipating marriage; What it means to be married; The making of a family. Valuable information, clearly written.

Welshimer, Helen. *The Questions Girls Ask*. Dutton. Chapters "That First Date," "Shall I Kiss Him Goodnight?" etc.

Pamphlets:

Edson Newell, *Choosing a Home Partner*. American Social Hygiene Association.

Exner, Max. *The Question of Petticoats*. American Social Hygiene Assn.

Popenoe, Paul. *Building Sex into Your Life*. American Institute of Family Relations.

Sweeney, Esther. *Dates and Dates*. American Social Hygiene Assn.

BIBLEGRAM

By Hilda E. Allen

DIRECTIONS: Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The colored squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, you will find that the filled pattern contains a selected quotation from the Bible.

A Eskimo house -----	127 26 53 64 119
B Men who do brave deeds ----	56 49 87 75 12 33
C Chin whiskers -----	92 77 18 39 25 70
D Foamy -----	44 112 124 10 118 36
E Night bird -----	66 7 31 1 80 122 105
F Go and bring something -----	79 113 54 29 132
G Made fun of -----	97 50 60 42 121 110
H Blacksmith shop -----	90 134 19 74 48 76
I Persons who lives in solitude --	123 43 131 58 133 22
J Country just south of the United States -----	69 41 51 89 102 14
K Earlier, or sooner -----	104 109 96 35 27 103
L Thief -----	55 100 9 126 85 3 15
M Time to come -----	129 38 20 78 71 47

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9		10	11
12		13	14	15	16		17	18	19	20	21	
22	23		24	25		26	27	28	29	30	31	32
33		34	35		36	37	38		39	40	41	42
43	44	45	46	47		48	49		50	51	52	53
54	55		56	57	58	59	60	61	62		63	64
	65	66	67	68		69	70	71	72	73		74
75		76	77	78		79	80	81		82	83	84
	85	86	87	88		89	90		91		92	93
94		95	96		97	98	99	100	101	102	103	
104	105	106	107	108	109	110		111	112	113		114
115	116		117	118	119	120	121		122	123	124	
125	126	127	128		129	130	131		132	133	134	

Solution on page 28

N A cavity, or hole -----	11 37 115 116 67 125
O Still, or quiet -----	83 98 65 40 106 16
P Student -----	21 72 2 130 61 111
Q Journeyed -----	82 93 32 46 84 94
R Watches for, or expects -----	52 17 114 30 128 99
S Adrift -----	91 6 13 95 28 117
T Nibbles grass, as cattle -----	24 4 86 68 107 5 12
U Freezing -----	62 81 23 59 34 73
V Simpletons -----	57 88 101 45 63 108

by loie brandom

The Hobby Lady



The picture at the left shows the Hobby Lady with a basket of her blue ribbon flowers. At the right she is wearing one of her hand-knitted sweaters. On the table is a plant in a shell vase, which she made



TANY people have one hobby; some have two or even three, but the Hobby Lady had over twenty, all of which added interest and worth-while knowledge not only for herself, but to others as well.

Many Boy Scouts express grateful thanks to her for her help in obtaining their merit badges in astronomy and photography. Junior high school students came to her for help in obtaining leaves

and blossoms for their notebook collections in botany, from trees and plants rare in their locality, which she raised because of her interest in plants.

Numerous sick and shut-in persons were cheered by the beautiful potted African violets she raised so expertly and gave away so generously. Little children in hospitals, yes, and their nurses too, greeted the Hobby Lady with joy when she appeared in their wards,

bringing scrapbooks of lovely colored pictures and postcards she had made for them. The nurses begged her to come early each time so she could spend the entire visiting period telling the children stories about the different pictures.

Being an artist herself, with pictures in oil and pastels that have taken prizes at art exhibits, she was well qualified to make the history of famous paintings very interesting for the youngsters. Having traveled a great deal and having read even more extensively, she could describe even postcard pictures of famous places in a way the little listeners could remember.

Her relatives and close friends were fortunate at Christmas time, for they were almost sure to receive from her a gift of beautiful handwork, the result of other hobbies in which she was interested. Her embroidered pieces were exquisite; her needle point, as per-

(Continued on page 30.)



Here is the Hobby Lady with some of her flowers and a piece of her knitting

What Do You Tell Your Parents?

(Continued from page 12.)

and one of the hardest for the young man or woman to understand. Why can't you come and go as you please?

Here is one place where the wise young person can use the experience which is his parents' but which he can make his own.

Be smart about places. Choose them as carefully as you choose your friends. Places have personalities, too, and atmosphere; and personalities and atmosphere can be good or bad. Your parents know many of the things to look for. Take advantage of their knowledge.

Questions 5, 6, and 7 refer to how much you talk to your parents and what you talk about. Here is another opportunity to take advantage of their experience. No matter what it is, little or big, your school activities, or the problem of choosing a career, you will gain much by talking it over with Dad or Mother.

In any discussion it is wise to watch your attitude. Especially is this true where emotion is involved. You love your parents, and they love you. If you come to them with a chip on your shoulders, you can hurt them easily, and your chances of proving your own point are lessened. Explain your point of view carefully without losing your temper.

Questions 8, 9, and 10 refer to the time you spend with your parents.

If you are building your life toward the most important accomplishment of all, the fulfillment of God's purpose in your career, in your social life, in your home, begin now to use your religion as a real part of your life. Attending church with your family means starting your life in the right direction.

Take time occasionally to accompany your parents on some trip or outing of their choice. Make them feel that you want to be with them. On the other hand, ask them to accompany you on occasions which you consider important. Let them know that their participation is pleasing to you.

These are all the little things that make up the big things of love, confidence, trust, and understanding. Those are values worth any effort on your part.

One last suggestion—*really* listen to what your parents have to say. You may be missing the boat by ignoring them. The sooner you learn to do this, the sooner you will be able to evaluate the pros and cons of many questions that come along. When you can do this, you will be grown up, and you will find that many problems no longer exist.

What Do You Tell Your Young People?

(Continued from page 13.)

everyday stories of what happened in school, in their young social life? If you are, then when a serious problem arises, your boy or girl may not take

it to you. He will know you are too busy and will take it to someone who will listen. It may be the wrong person.

If your boys and girls do come to you with a question, do you give them a straight answer? If not, you may lose their confidence. Take an *active* interest in their every concern. Let them know that you are a refuge, that no matter how little the problem or how big, you will listen, understand, and answer truthfully.

How much time do you spend with them? Do you attend church together? You want your young to respect the church and to attend regularly, but will they if you don't? This is a fair question with only one fair answer.

How do you suppose a young person feels if you don't invite him to functions you consider important, and if you don't attend the ones important to him? Of course, there are exceptions to both these points, but on the whole he likes to be a part of what you do. At his school or church affairs he likes to show off his Mother and Dad.

These are little things but important to the young. They build the bigger things necessary for growing minds—security, love, confidence, companionship—qualities invaluable when the serious problems rear their heads.

Give it a thought, parents. What your sons and daughters tell you depends on what you tell them!

Children in the House

(Continued from page 15.)

Then it was spring, and then it was summer and the June day when Frances came to tell me, "The Welfare has a little girl for us. She's beautiful and sweet and lovely like Jeannie was. Todd's already wild about her."

I tried not to say anything, but I just couldn't keep still. After all, Bill had become a favorite child on the street to Henry and me. My voice trembled when I tried to say casually, "Is Bill going to take it hard?"

"Taking second place, you mean?" she asked in return. "Why, he'll never have second place in our hearts. He wanted little Ann. He asked the welfare visitor to hunt a little girl for us when she came one day. He stipulated that she have blue eyes and blonde hair like his mom."

Oh, how glad I was that Frances didn't catch the real meaning of the question I had asked. It would have hurt her terribly to feel that anyone believed she'd give up Bill, the little boy she had taken to her heart and into her home on account of the things she could do for him. It would have hurt Todd too.

That afternoon I saw them come home again from our county orphanage. This time it was Bill who led the little stranger to the veranda. There he turned her over to "Mom" to take into the house while he went back to help "Dad" carry in the things they had

brought from the orphanage and I bought on the way home for her.

He stood tall and straight and held out his strong, little arms for the packages Todd piled into them—this little boy who had given all of us on a street a needed lesson on adoption. People should adopt a child not for pleasure that the child will give them but for the help that they as parents can give the child.

Henry, my husband, has another way of putting it. "When you chase happiness for yourself alone, it passes you by, but when you reach out to get it for some other person, it simply falls into your lap and stays there."

Irish Shenanigans

(Continued from page 18.)

One Irish Shenanigan could be the following bit of fun. Have ready a tall Pat hat made of cardboard covered with black art paper. On the top of the hat sprinkle black soot and stick a few straight pins about two-thirds of their length into the hat top. Call for volunteers, or else choose some of the jolliest guests for contestants. Explain that the one who first succeeds in pulling out one of the pins with his teeth will win a nice prize. If the hat has been made large enough, three, four, or more should enter the contest at the same time. At a given signal all go after a pin. Of course they get their noses and chins all black, and when they raise their heads, get a look at each other, and realize what has happened, all join in the general merriment.

Green and white refreshments should be served to carry out the theme of the program—lettuce-combination sandwiches, pickles, potato salad, lemon ice, and small white cakes with green frosting.

Biblegram Solution

(Biblegram on page 26.)

SOLUTION: "Therefore the Lord waits to be gracious to you; therefore he exalts himself to show mercy to you. For the LORD is a God of justice; blessed are all those who wait for him." (Isaiah 30:18)

The Words

A Igloo	L Stealer
B Heroes	M Future
C Goatee	N Hollow
D Frothy	O Hushed
E Hootowl	P Scholar
F Fetch	Q Toured
G Jeered	R Awaits
H Smithy	S Afloat
I Hermit	T Browses
J Mexico	U Frosty
K Before	V Idiots

Family Counselor

HAVE a problem. Our two-and-one-half-year-old girl is extremely afraid of the dark, of high winds blowing, of thunder, lightning, rain, airplanes, fire alarms, trains, anything like that making noise. Is it just a thing she'll outgrow, and how can we help her overcome this fear?

As an example of darkness: she won't go into another room of our house at night unless lights are on over. She won't look at a window or door at night if shades are not drawn. She hides her face in the dark and the loud noises, saying, "It won't hurt you." We've tried to explain these things *n't* hurt.

Until she was one and one-half years old these things didn't bother her at all. We have never put her in a dark room or punished her with things to give her a bad conscience. Until twenty-nine months old, when she had tonsils and adenoids out, she'd had a terrible time breathing when lying down, making such rasping noises, so we kept a small light on all night to be able to see her any time we awoke. We'll keep the light on all night, now she demands it—on—and she has always slept in our bedroom in her own bed, so we could watch her.

The removal of tonsils was a horrible scare to her, being so young, as we weren't allowed to be with her before the ether took effect—and this might be one reason for the increase in her fright. But will she outgrow this fear? She's a little nervous, but seems healthy and happy now, very much loved.

IN THE first place, it should be remembered that small children are likely to be afraid of sudden loud noises, of the withdrawal of support, or of anything sudden and unusual that they cannot understand. Consequently, it is not surprising that your daughter should be afraid of high winds blowing, thunder, lightning, fire alarms, and the like. A fear of the dark, however, is likely to be a learned fear, and, of course, it would seem that your child also has an exaggerated fear of what is normally somewhat frightening to children of her age.

It seems quite likely that the tonsil operation is the source of her present fears. Although the fact that in referring to the dark she says, "It won't hurt you," makes me wonder if you ever have had anyone to help you that might have told your little girl that the dark is dangerous and bad. At any rate, she certainly has had an intense emotional experience that reflects itself in these fears. There is no reason why you should not explain to her that

the dark won't hurt her, but neither will such explanations do any particular good. As a rule, one doesn't overcome fears by logical analysis! To be sure, your words of assurance may convey to her the feeling that you aren't afraid, and the example of others is frequently effective in reducing one's fears. As she gets older and finds out that you are not afraid of the dark or of storms, your example will have a quieting effect upon her. The example of children of her own age may be even more effective, however, during the years ahead—especially the example of children she admires. It must be remembered, however, that the overcoming of these fears must proceed at her own rate of speed. It cannot be rushed. In fact, she may never entirely overcome these fears. Your clue, however, is to provide interesting experiences in connection with trains, fire alarms, storms, and the dark. Take a walk with her at dusk—when it is not dark enough to frighten. Do some window shopping in the evening at Christmas time. Play games at dusk out on the lawn, with other children present. Do not ridicule her because of her fears or try to reason her out of them, but try to provide happy experiences when some of the fear producing factors are present. It will take time, but gradually the intensity of the fears should be reduced.

Donald M. Maynard



"Oh, that's au right. I had to get up to answer the phone anyway."

Let's Take a Gastronomical Journey

(Continued from page 17.)

sion when she discovered, to her dismay, that she was eating candied lizard.

I am not suggesting that you dine on rattlesnake meat and candied lizard, but recapture that old adventurous spirit that you had in your younger days and eat something different.

Many of these restaurants will be overjoyed to give (or sell) you recipes for their dishes. Also, you can get recipes for foreign dishes by writing to the food editor of your local paper.

Appreciation and enjoyment of the food that other countries have to offer teaches us, as well as our children, tolerance and understanding. Your children will have only pleasant thoughts of French, Germans, and people of other foreign countries if they have eaten some of the delicious food of these countries.

Perhaps you could make one night a week "foreign food night" in your family. For this occasion you could either go to a foreign restaurant for dinner, or you could prepare a foreign meal at home. This can become a pleasant, delightful tradition, one that both you and your children will look forward to.

You will no longer have to moan because Mary and Johnnie won't eat anything except hamburgers and French fries.

Let's take a gastronomical journey. There are no suitcases to pack for this trip. All aboard!

A Might-Have-Been Story

(Continued from page 22.)

The Indian lad was satisfied with what the day had given to him. In a pocket of his deerskin tunic rested the little cup. What a truly wonderful thing he had discovered about it!

On the return journey through the forest, White Bear's eyes were keen as he picked his way swiftly and silently through the bush and around the tree trunks. Once he readied his bow and arrow. Though he prayed softly that no animal would hear him pass, he knew Wild Cat lived here and was a swift and silent hunter also.

Nothing happened, however. Perhaps it was only the rustle of leaves as the wind ran through them. Soon smoke from the campfires told the Indian boy he had come to the stronghold of his father. As he walked toward their tepee, White Bear decided to say nothing about his discovery. He must be more certain. Only then would his efforts be worthy of attention.

It was the sun of another day, and a runner had brought word that a strong and friendly tribe of Indians was now moving in this direction and would visit with their brethren. Preparations were made at once for feasting and celebrating. That night around the council fire

in the encampment of East Wind sat the chieftains of both tribes and their braves.

The sky wore a necklace of stars, and the night was sweet as a spring breeze. Solemnly the Indian chiefs smoked a long pipe decorated with feathers and passed it around the circle. It was a pledge that those who smoked the Pipe of Peace together could not make war against one another.

In the shadows sat White Bear. Thoughtfully, he watched and listened to everything that went on.

"Great Hawk, the visiting chief, speaks with a straight tongue," he decided. Great Hawk had made a promise to East Wind. He would seek hunting grounds close by so that the strength of his tribe would be added to that of East Wind's tribe. Together they need not fear the raids of marauding bands.

White Bear's heart beat high and warm in gratitude for these new friends, and suddenly he decided something. He pulled from a pocket of his clothing the little cup he had made and gazed on it proudly. Two sleeps ago he had stolen to the river-that-bends-like-a-bow. He had dipped the cup into the waters and then set it on a flat rock. He had waited and waited, but the water had remained in the cup, without so much as a single drop disappearing as it often did with the birch bark container Little Fawn used, though the seams were protected with spruce gum.

Now White Bear sprang to his feet and moved from the shadows into the firelight. He stepped up to the tall chief of the visiting tribe. Like every other Indian, he knew that to give a gift was to bestow an honor. In this best and happiest of moments, White Bear held out the little cup he had made from the red soil. It was a very fine gift he offered to Great Hawk, his father's new friend.

The Hobby Lady

(Continued from page 27.)

feet as it is possible for it to be; her crocheting merited the same praise, and her knitted sweaters, socks, and gloves made many people comfortable and happy. The Red Cross received many knitted contributions from her.

She had hobbies too, of course, that were more interesting than useful, such as her trays of mounted butterflies and her sea shell collection.

The sea shells did prove useful on one occasion, however. She was planning a luncheon for a dozen of her friends, and in looking about for something a bit different, she spied the shells. Ideas began to pop into her mind of various ways in which they could be used. The larger scallop shells could be used to hold the individual salads at each place; a small glass aquarium holding gold fish and bright-colored shells, surrounded by other beautifully colored shells and sea moss would be the centerpiece. The placecards could be tiny mermaids sketched in water

colors, sitting in real shells pasted the name cards. Even some of the meat dishes could be baked and served in shells. The dessert could be served in shells also. On this occasion the conversation centered around shells, a guest having been asked to find and read a poem about shells. Other guests contributed observations of their own on the subject. This hobby made the luncheon a complete success.

Her stamp collection, while not especially valuable in commercial terms, was representative of the hobby and both educational and interesting. She helped five young boys in the neighborhood start collections for themselves.

Birds were another hobby of hers. In her own section of the country she knew all the native birds by sight, and most of them she could identify from their songs or calls. She was always on the lookout for any birds needing help, and she cared for those with broken wings or baby ones which had fallen from their nests too soon.

One morning she found a wee robin more dead than alive, which had been blown from its nest the night before during a rainstorm. She wrapped him in flannel, put him on a warm hot-water bottle, fed him with an eyedropper, and saved his life. "Chippy," the name she gave him, rewarded her with many hours of amusement and pleasure. In spring and summer he lived in the yard, coming to her at her call, perching contentedly on the porch bannister beside her as she read, sewed, or worked on her lovely hooked rugs. In the fall he flew South with a flock of other robins, but he was back again the following spring.

One winter, while vacationing in Florida, she learned to weave the long needles from the southern pine trees into trays and baskets with the additional use of raffia, and these works of beauty are not only prized possessions of her friends and family, but some of them also have a place in a museum as examples of handwork of what can be accomplished with some of nature's products.

Her handmade pieced quilts, crocheted bedspreads, and baskets and vases of artistically arranged cut flower took blue ribbons at many fairs. Whether the "flower show" or exhibit was over, these prize winners were presented to church, hospital, or other place where they could be enjoyed by many people.

Her life was one of devotion and service to the church of her faith. She hesitated to put such a consecrated interest and lifelong work in a class with the above-mentioned hobbies, for, with her, religion and faith in God was her hobby. It was the life she lived from day to day, and it was a shining example to others of what an individual can become when faith, love, and many varied interests keep one young in spirit as the years go by. The Hobby Lady was always thinking of others and of interests outside herself. That is the example of what hobbies can do for one if only the right hobbies are chosen.

Books for the Hearthside

After many years of research a color-
Historical Map is being prepared
showing the whereabouts on Cape Cod
Leif Ericson and his thirty-eight
companions (including a Scotswoman
named Haekia) when they first stepped
shore on what is now American soil.
The map, 17 by 22 inches, will be
printed in four colors and will include
a "legend" of several hundred words
relating with this early phase of Amer-
ican history. An unusually interesting
feature will depict a number of au-
thentic Viking objects and will in-
clude, in a panel at bottom center, a
ship under full sail of the kind in
which Leif Ericson discovered this
continent. (Incidentally, his ship was
not the usually pictured warship with
a dragonhead prow and shields strung
along the sides.) The map will be
ideal for recreation room, den, class-
room, office, and as a gift. Further
details may be obtained by writing to
The Antiquarian, Box 411, Barnstable,
Mass., enclosing a dime to help defray
mailing and handling costs.

Monk in Armour, by Gladys H. Barr
published by Abingdon-Cokesbury,
Nashville, 256 pages, \$3.00), is the story
of the "Great Oak of Saxony," Martin
Luther. It is not a biography but a
novel, an absorbingly interesting one,
which will appeal to all readers and
which is especially valuable for young
people. Mrs. Barr makes no attempt
to deal with the theological issues
which gather around the beginnings of
the Reformation. Her purpose is to
tell the story of a very human young
monk as he struggles to square his
zeal and love for the church with
his growing convictions about the will
and purposes of God. The whole por-
trait of Luther is not here, but the de-
tail that is lifted out for emphasis
should lead to a desire to know more
about this lowly monk who dared to
defy the most powerful figure of his
day, the Pope of Rome.

Are you looking for more party sug-
gestions? Then **Gay Parties for All
Occasions**, by E. O. Harbin (Abingdon-
Cokesbury, Nashville, publishers, 351
pages, \$2.95) will provide you with
abundant plans for over seventy dif-
ferent parties which you can give with

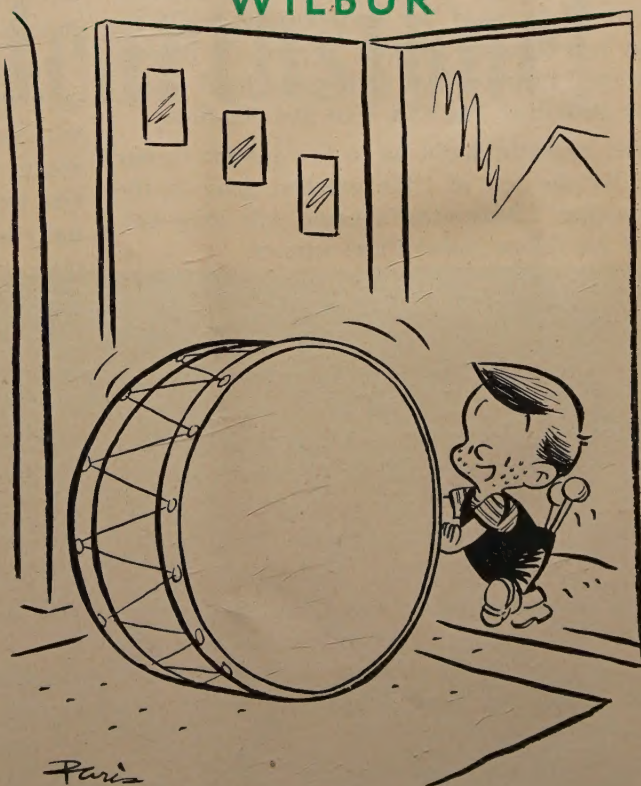
a minimum of effort and expense. In
addition more than 200 other games
are described, many of which are new,
at least to this reviewer. Especially
interesting and valuable to families is
the first chapter, "Family Night Par-
ties." It offers suggestions for Fam-
ily Night meetings at the church or
for family nights at home. Indeed,
most of the games suggested can be
used by the family with some adapta-
tion.

Young readers in the early adoles-
cent bracket will find **The Boatswain's
Boy**, by Robert C. Du Soo (published
by Longmans, Green, and Co., Inc.,
N. Y. 227 pages, \$2.25) as interesting
as any so-called comic book. It is the
story of a young boy's adventures on
the high seas during the Revolution.
Assigned to the famous U.S.S. *Con-
stitution*, of the U.S. Navy, he is shang-
haied and put on board a privateer ves-
sel, just one degree above a pirate

ship. The author's own experience as
a Naval officer enables him to present
the rough-and-ready days of Navy life
with authenticity.

His Name Was Jesus, by Mary Alice
Jones (Rand McNally, 208 pages,
\$2.50) begins with the visit of the boy
Jesus to the Temple and weaves the
significant events of the life of Jesus
into an intensely dramatic story. One
will see Jesus in his home among his
friends as a boy and later as a man,
his helpfulness and friendliness, his
patience and understanding even in
the face of ridicule and persecution,
and his courage and strength in suf-
fering. The author's keen scholarship
and lively imagination make this book
one which will appeal to older juniors
and young people, and also one which
the whole family will enjoy reading
aloud together. The lovely pictures by
Raffaello Basoni add much to the re-
ality of this moving story.

WILBUR



"Mom, you know that noisy horn you didn't like? Well,
I got rid of it!"



Over the Back Fence

Who Is the Greatest?

Two recent winners of Nobel prizes present an interesting contrast.

Dr. Albert Schweitzer was awarded the 1952 Nobel Peace Prize but was unable to accept it until the fall of 1954.

Also in the fall of 1954 Ernest Hemingway was awarded the Nobel Prize for literature.

Dr. Schweitzer said that he would use his \$33,000 prize money to maintain his hospital at Lambarene, French Equatorial Africa. Hemingway said that his money would mostly go to pay up some indebtedness. The rest would be used for maintenance while he worked on new literary efforts. From all reports "maintenance" includes high living and hard drinking for the author of *The Old Man and the Sea*.

There can be little doubt as to the answer to our question. By the test of "the greatest good to the greatest number" Schweitzer's name will long outlast that of his fellow Nobel Prize winner.

Have You Been Listening?

To "Thy Kingdom Come" on Saturday nights at 6:30 p.m. (EST) on your radio? This half-hour program on the great music of the church is sponsored by the National Council of Churches. It attempts to present church music in a fresh, dramatic way. A seventeen-piece brass ensemble and a fourteen-voice chorus are featured.

The program was conceived by a Baptist layman, Harriss Hubble, arranger and conductor of the program and composer of its original music. It is the culmination of his twenty-year dream for such a program.

An avalanche of commendatory mail for this program would help much in keeping such high-type broadcasts on the air.

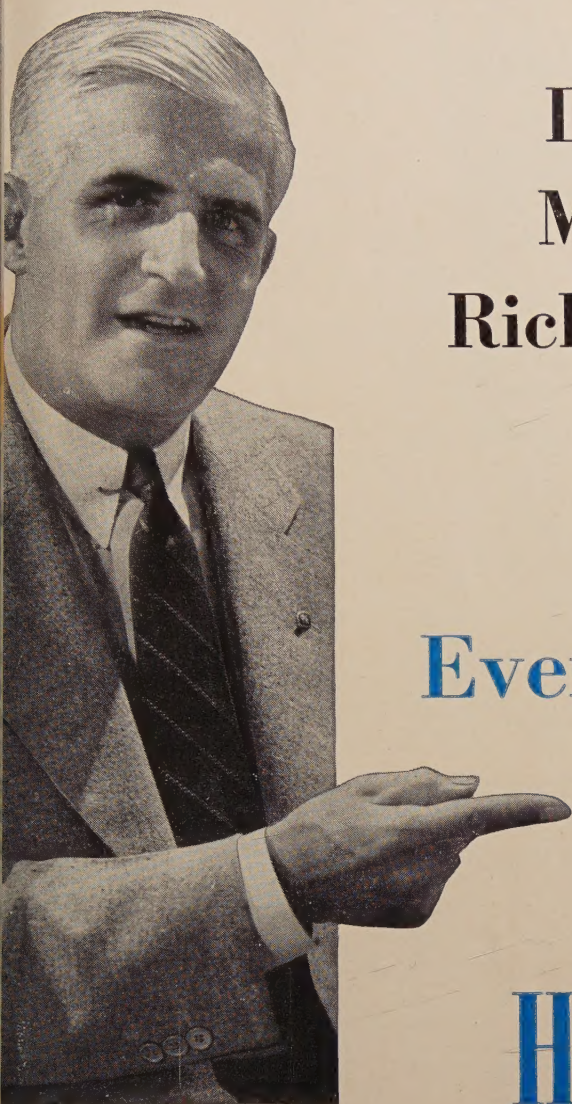
What Is "Most Important Book" of 1954?

There probably would be a wide disagreement on the answer to this question, depending upon who was doing the answering. It is rather significant, however, that *NEA Journal*, official publication of the National Education Association, should designate *Seduction of the Innocent*, by Frederic Wertham, M.D. (Rinehart & Co., New York, 1954. 397 pages, \$4.00) as the "most important book of 1954." It makes this blanket recommendation, that the book should be on the shelves of the libraries of every parent, teacher, preacher, and juvenile judge, and school and public libraries. We would add, yes, and church libraries too.

In case you do not know, Dr. Wertham's book deals with the effect of comic books on children. He says without quibbling that "comic books invite illiteracy; create an atmosphere of cruelty and deceit; stimulate unwholesome fantasies; suggest criminal or sexually abnormal ideas; create a readiness for temptation; suggest forms a delinquent impulse may take and supply details of technique."

In the light of this judgment it is interesting to note that twenty-four of the twenty-seven large comic book publishers of the country have voluntarily adopted a "Code for Editorial Matter" which they are applying to the publications for which they are responsible. The code is too long to reproduce here but it contains some forty-three definite limitations. The publishers are imposing upon themselves to counteract the threat of censorship, sentiment for which has been growing rapidly.

Parents should become familiar with this code, and should test the comic books that come into their homes by its conditions. Where offenses against this code are discovered, parents should write, in no uncertain terms, to the publishers of the offending books. Always be sure to read the book!



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